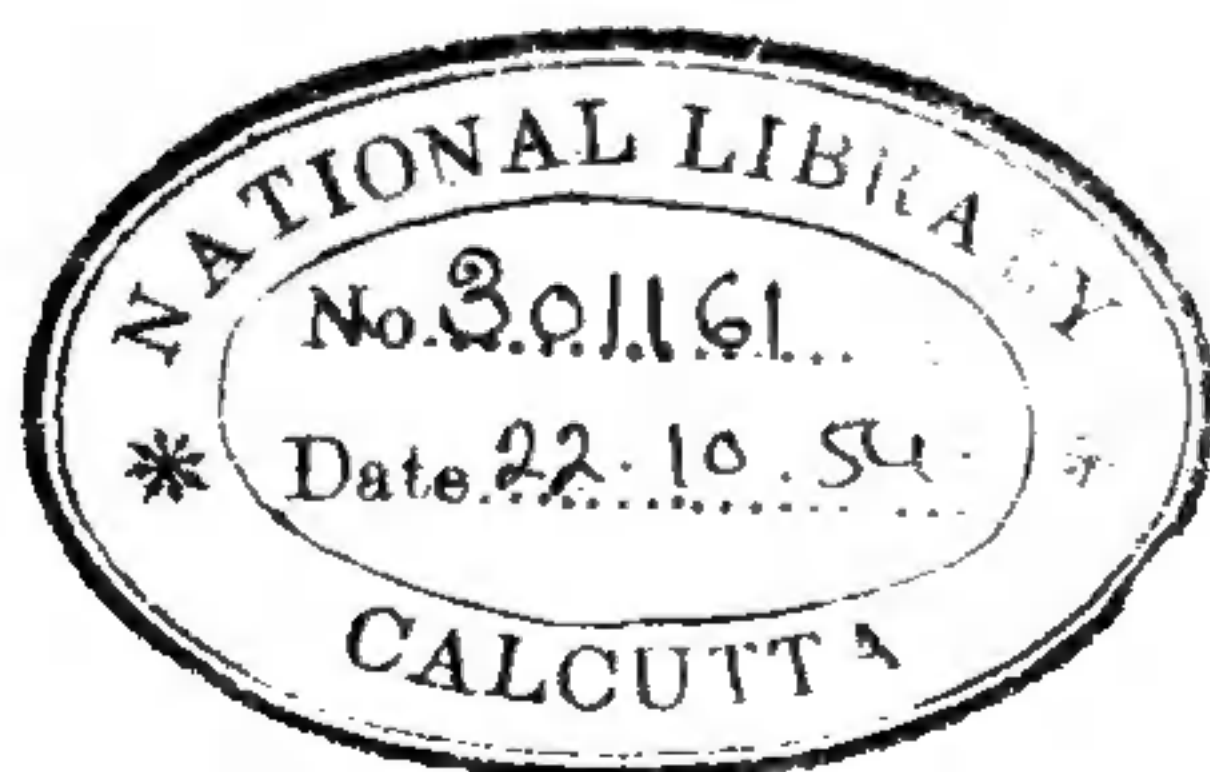


PEACE THROUGH THE AGES

TRANSLATIONS FROM
THE POETS OF CHINA



Translated and Published
by Rewi Alley
Peking, China, 1954.

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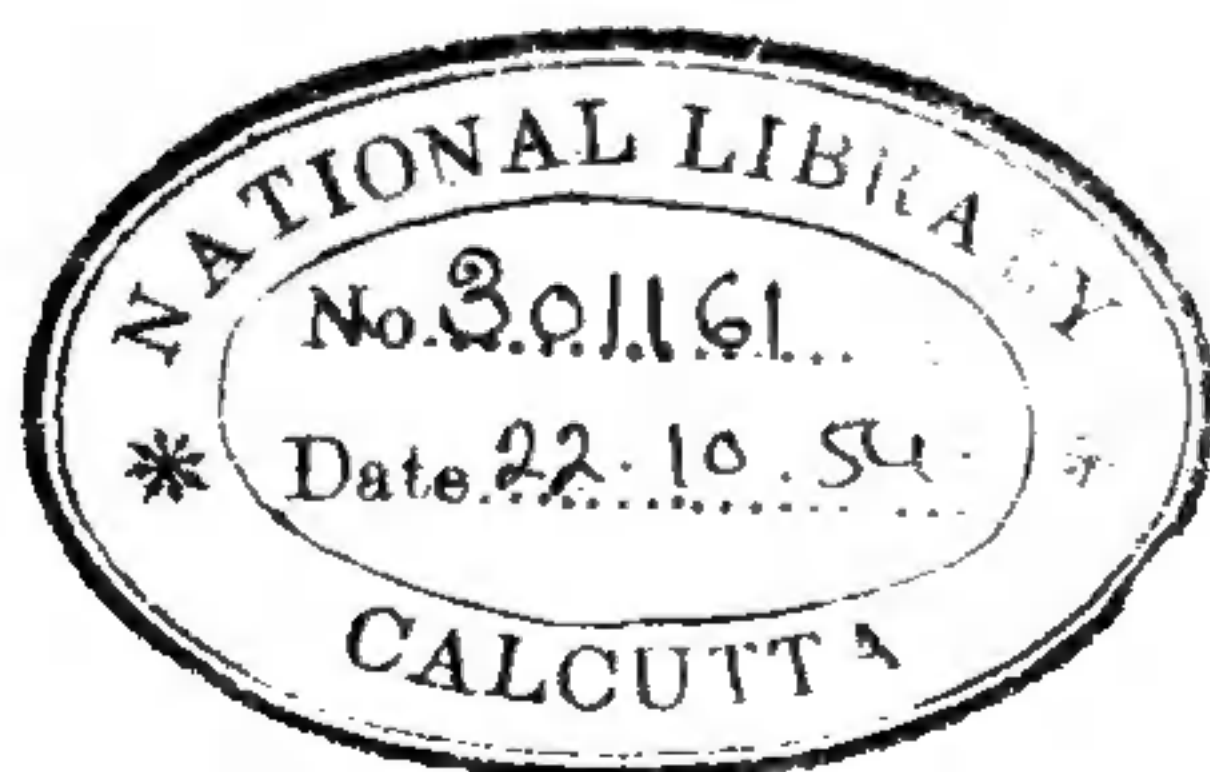
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First Edition April 1954

Printed in the People's Republic of China

PREFACE

The average person does not have much time to delve through libraries looking for translations of Chinese poetry. Yet, for those who would understand China, it will be good to know something of what has been written. Poetry has been the medium of expression for many people through the long ages of Chinese history. English translations in their attempts to introduce an oriental effect, have stressed the quaint, the different. The translator in this case has tried to stress the central message of each poem.

The poems in this book have been arranged in chronological order, and freedom has been taken in changing the original titles for some of them.

Really, almost all the poetry of China, which has come down to us through the ages, is peace poetry. Its humanism, its love of nature, breathe peace in almost every line. Giants like Chu Yuan, Li Pai, Tu Fu, Pai Chu-yi, who so surely rank amongst the great poets of all time, make of peace a central point. As one studies them, one comes to love them and to realize better the intensity of the people's longing for peace that they have so clearly expressed.*

The work of translation has been done from the original manuscripts, with the help of many ordinary people, who have come in and out during the time the work was being done. One friend has suggested this poem, someone else another. Searching for one set of

*Also known as Li Po.

lines has led to the discovery of others. A haphazard method, perhaps, but one that has suited the mood of the translator.

I am very grateful for the valuable editing assistance of Shirley Barton, the criticism and suggestions of Yang Hsien-yi, Chu Kwang-tsien, and other friends. I have no claim to be a sinologue—simply one who is fascinated by the immense wealth, variety and true richness of China's cultural heritage in the realm of poetry, which has inspired me with the desire to help others know of it also. The present work is really a collective effort; and the urgency of the struggle for peace is the reason for the selection of those lines which have most to do with that subject.

The illustrations chosen are some which have come down through the ages and which breathe a spirit of peace and culture.

*Rewi Alley
October 25, 1953*

PERIODS OF CHINESE HISTORY

Shang (or Yin) Dynasty	1766-1066 B.C.
Chou Dynasty	1066-403 B.C.
The Warring States	403-221 B.C.
Chin Dynasty	221-207 B.C.
Han Dynasty	206 B.C.-220 A.D.
Three Kingdoms	220-264
Tsin Dynasty	265-419
Northern and Southern Dynasties	420-589
Sui Dynasty	581-617
Tang Dynasty	618-907
The Five Dynasties	907-960
Sung Dynasty	960-1279
Mongol (or Yuan) Dynasty	1280-1368
Ming Dynasty	1368-1644
Manchu (or Ching) Dynasty	1644-1911
The Republic of China	1912-1949
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I. EARLIEST TIMES. CHOU DYNASTY 1066-403 B.C.

Towards the end of the Chou dynasty, about the time of Confucius, who died in 475 B.C., the first collection ■■■ made of people's poems and songs, and called "Shih Ching," the "Book of Odes."

The nine poems of this section are all taken from "Shih Ching."

Some of these poems and folk-songs undoubtedly go back ■ very long way, perhaps into the period of Shang (1766-1066 B.C.) or even earlier.

From them emerge very clearly and consistently the deep desire of the people for peace and their resentment at being involved in the military adventures of various feudalism groups. From the earliest times the distinction is drawn between the aggressive war—to further the selfish ambition of this or that person or group—and the defensive war to protect the people's homes and lives against aggression.

The cradle of Chinese civilization in the Chou dynasty was in the area covered today by the Honan and Shensi Provinces.

ANONYMOUS

SOLDIERS OF WEI

Drums gave the call to war
so we sprang to arms; some
were left to work
on fortifications; others
to till, while we were singled out
to march southward;

Sun Tse-chung, our lord, has made
peace with Chen and Sung; but even yet
we cannot return, ■ hearts are heavy;

some were wounded, some were killed
horses were lost; where are
these men, these horses? Seek for them
in the woods where they lie
untended;

when leaving, to our wives we swore
for ever would we be faithful; then
clasping hands we pledged, that until old age
would we live together;

now for ■■ this war
comes to ■ tragic end
our vows have ■■ broken
and gained only bitterness.

WAR HAS TAKEN MY HUSBAND

War
has taken my husband;
will he get permission
to see his home again?
In despair I wonder —

Oh my man, why must it be
you cannot come?

Evening falls;
chickens are going to rest;
down the hill
come cattle and sheep.

War
has taken him, holds him
so
of what else can I think?

My man
has gone to war. It's not
just ■ matter of going, then,
in ■ few days, a few months,
coming back —
oh, will there never be an end to war?

And now the chickens are asleep;
the cows and sheep are in the yard;

everything is here, everything except
he who would give it all meaning—my husband!
for you may there be ■■■ hunger,
no thirst. -



The Garden of Literature

by Han Huang

THE GARDEN OF LITERATURE was painted by Han Huang (723-787), ■ skilled painter of portraits, cattle and horses in the Tang dynasty (618-907). This painting is a study in contemplation of four literati in their hour of composition. On the upper left of the picture the calligraphy of Chao Chi, emperor of the Sung dynasty who reigned 1101-1125, shows the painting to have been at one time in the possession of the Sung emperors.

THE GARDEN OF LITERATURE (64.5 x 37.5 cm.) is now in the Palace Museum, Peking.

BACKWATERS

I ■ at the still waters
held behind ■ dam, see
wood floating but unable
to move down stream;

■ chief stays safely at home
but sends ■ to guard at Shen,
homesick ■ I, when shall I return?

A bramble blown into the water
lies on the surface, immovable;

our chief stays safely at home
but sends us to guard at Fu,
homesick am I, when shall I return?

A bundle of reeds
comes to ■ halt on
the still pond;

our chief stays safely at home
but sends us to guard at Hsu,
homesick ■ I, when shall I return?

YOUNG SOLDIER THINKS OF HOME

I climb ■ barren hill and ponder
■ my folk at home, thinking
of my father

how he will be wondering about ■■■■
saying to everyone he meets,
“My boy is away ■■■ the war
with little rest by day or night. I hope
he takes care of himself, and
is back soon. Can’t get him
out of my mind”;

then of my mother and of what
she will be saying—

“My child
is ■ soldier now—no sleep
day or night; oh, that he
would take care and come
home, not leaving his body
in such far places”;

then I climb further
and think of my brother

how he will be explaining
“My brother is away fighting;
struggling day and night; he must
return to us, alive.”

HOME FROM WAR

We marched to the eastern front
and there we stayed, never getting
orders to return; then at last
in the autumn rains they came, so
in the drizzle we set off home again.

everyone excited, saying thankfully,
"No more marching,
no more wearing of gags!"*

so we made our way back, at nights
rolled in our bedding
sleeping under the carts
for shelter, thinking of how cosily
silkworms lie together, in
the mulberry season;

with thoughts already home
wondering if houses were desolate
with wood-lice and spiders, or wild deer
amongst the gardens; then thoughts
of loved ones crowding in on us;

and as for the women folk, they waited,
watching the cranes a-screaming
■ they rose from the anthills, expecting
that each alarm meant their men
were coming, then saying how it would be
best to get the ■ swept clean,
for those returning had suffered much
in these three years;

so did we at last ■ in
finding all prepared; and great
was the jubilation; the ■ came out
the birds flashed past; the girls
rode out to be married, decked up
by their mothers and on their pretty
ponies; marriages ■ good, yet
not giving ■ deep a joy as did

*In these times soldiers wore ■ their mouths to enforce
silence.

the reunions of couples separated
for so long.

ANXIETY

Autumn, and the big pear tree
is bright with fruit; I look
and think of my husband, gone
to be a soldier;

whatever the King wants, I must
not stint, even though the term
of service has expired, and my heart
is wounded, knowing of his need
for rest and care;

winter goes, and then the pear tree
comes into full leaf again; and still
I understand that whatever the King would have
he must have, even though my tears
cannot be controlled, for now

with all the world bursting
into new life, would I
throw off my sorrow, and welcome
him home again;

summer, and I climb the northern hills
to pick wild fruit, and grieving know
the King must be strictly obeyed, even
if our hearts at home are breaking;

I look and think ■ ■■ his cart
with four horses; look again
and know that it is but a dream
come from my anxious brain;

time passes, and ■■ feels perhaps
they have not left the front; no
news, so that fears set in and I go

for help to the oracle bones*
which say, fortune is clear
and I take heart believing
my loved one will soon be near.

WILD GESE

A great beating of wings and the wild geese
stream onward over the wilderness

■ we in the bad old days were led
on to fruitless wars; the labour of our hands lost
in empty struggle.

Wild geese in their flight come down to rest
on the still waters of the lake.

Today our men raise up long walls
only for protection, shelter; working
their hardest, tired, yet happy that now they
can make their homes in peace.

*Oracle bones: In ■■ very early days these were means ■■
telling fortunes.

The geese utter long plaintive cries ■ they fly away.

And now our leader, wise and sympathetic,
understands our work in all its bitterness,
unlike the foolish ones of old who thought
of our requests ■ insolence.

ROCKS LOOK DOWN

Sheer crags along the road
frown in their silent might;
tiredly we wend our way in file
over mountain passes, through streams,
ever eastward; the order never comes
to rest.

And as we go forward the rocks
look always more forbidding,
difficulties of the march
harder to surmount; wearily
plodding forward, a soldier knows
that with no command there can be
no retreat.

While all around are signs
of more and heavier rain
so that ■ thorough drenching
is the best we can hope for.

GRASS WITHERS*

Grass withers and likewise we,
marching incessantly, also
lose ~~our~~ strength, yet always
~~our~~ marches are planned.

In spring
the grass grows green again
while we, grass widowers,
made into soldiers, are seen
~~as~~ less than men.

Why should we live
as do the wild animals, on
desolate hills, moved here, moved there,
day and night, not men,
just armies?

Now we leave the long grass
envious even of the foxes
dragging their tails in freedom
while we alongside the carts
stamp down the highway, ever
to war.

~~The~~ poet refers to ~~the~~ time, perhaps, when the Chou dynasty
was disintegrating ~~the~~ armies fought losing battles everywhere.
~~There~~ ~~is~~ a sharp longing ~~for~~ peace and home.



II. THE HAN DYNASTY

206 B.C.-220 A.D.

The Han dynasty followed the great centralization of power during the short-lived Chin dynasty which came between the Han and the former Chou period in which Confucius lived.

The Han dynasty was a time of great advance economically and culturally. The silk from the Han Empire went over the roads of Central Asia to the empire of the Romans. Pastoral peoples along the routes grew in numbers and, led by military adventurers, would try to gather harvest from the agricultural and trading Chinese. Feudal Chinese militarists would embark on war adventures also, with the result that the common man on both sides paid in blood.

There were many pastoral tribal peoples — the Yueh Chih who finally went west, the Hsiung Nu, a branch of whom went to Europe and were known as the Huns, the Chiang and the Jung, who probably assimilated into China, and others.

ANONYMOUS

THE NIGHT OF PARTING

Married at the proper age,
our love for each other has never ceased
and in our full joy together tonight
came that depth of happiness we would have
last for ever;

yet ■ ■ ■ soldier must I think
of the long road before me; so
in the night I arose, and seeing
the morning star had gone, left
the bed of my beloved, to march
to war, never knowing when return
will be possible; we clasp hands
together, and oh! that last long sigh,
that last farewell, our faces
wet with tears;

hold to your everlasting youth,
my wife; never forget the great hours
we had together; no question that
should I live I shall return to you
and if I die then let me live
long in your memory.

THE OLD SOLDIER RETURNS

Fifteen, and I left to be ■ soldier;
discharged when old and useless, I
started to stumble home.

Back in our village, I asked
who lived now in my old house?

Then they pointed, saying,
“Look, away over there is your place—
that mound surrounded by pines
and cypresses.

“It’s quite deserted; rabbits run
out from all the holes; pheasants
whirr from the beams of the roof;

“and in the yard wild grain grows
and there are herbs by the well.”

So I went to see what was my home
and there I boiled up some grain
made ■ soup of the herbs; then
went out of the door, looking
over to the east, wondering
whom to call to eat with me;

soon tears began to fall,
dampening my clothes.

THE DEFEAT

South of the city, then
all the way to the north
we fought and were killed;
crows pecked at the unburied
corpses;

to those crows, and to our heroes
we said
“Our dead are scattered; we are sorry
that the rotting flesh, unburied,
must be left to the birds”;

for we had to flee
through the marshes
together with the deep water
that rustled through dark reeds;

and covering our withdrawal
horsemen fought valiantly
while riderless mounts of the killed
galloped to and fro, neighing.

In our flight we came
to ■ bridge, remembering
that near it had been built
■ house; wondering, was it
up on the bank to the north
or was it to the south?

Food became
the next problem, but
how could food be found
with none bringing in the harvest?

We have been loyal to protect
the safety of our lord,
yet now this has come upon us.
My lord,
my lord,
who thinks for us all!

In the morning we were sent to attack;
evening came; but none returned.

THE SOLDIER HUSBAND

I can see you marching, ever
steadily marching; it seems
we shall always be separated
with thousands of miles between us,
each of us on opposite sides
of the horizon.

With ■■■ clear road
and the way so long, there is
no knowing when we shall be
face to face again.

Like ■ tribesman's horse
you have become used to the frontier;
I, like ■ bird on ■ southern tree,
know only my home.

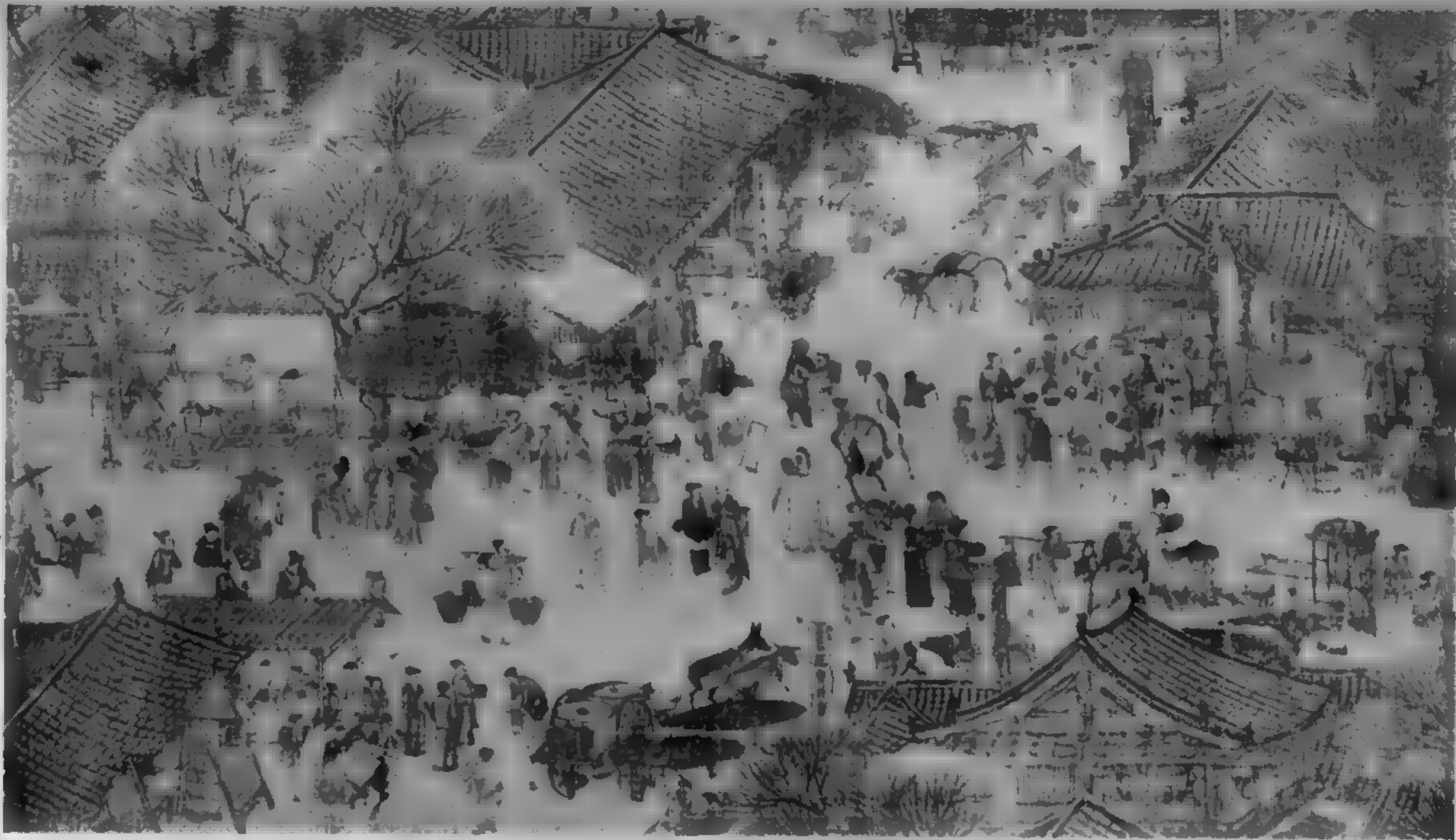
You have been gone so long
and I have become so thin
my clothes ■■■ loose.

A floating cloud obscures the sun
the soldier should not think of return;
yet longing for you has made me old;
it seems that you really mean to leave ■■■
■ I shall say that it matters not; eating
my food, I shall strive simply
to keep alive.

TSAI YUNG

FOR HIM—WATERING HIS HORSE BY THE
GREAT WALL

Green, so green is the grass
along the river banks;
long, so long the road
winding away from me to where
you stand; yet thoughts
like these must I push from me
though in my dreams they return
persistently
only to leave me, waking, with the truth
that you are gone indeed to a far place
and there is no hope of seeing you;
now
the mulberry trees are dry and bare in the
bitter wind; the ■■■ shows its coldness,
to all other houses friends come
and go, saying pleasant things
to one another; but I remain desolate until
one comes bringing
a letter, written on silk,
and hands it
to me ■■ that I
rise to my knees from the mat
eagerly to receive it
saying, "And what is in this letter?"
and finding the answer,
"You must take care
of yourself and forget
me."



Springtime in the Eastern Capital

by Chang Tse-tuan



This painting by Chang Tse-tuan, court artist during the Northern Sung dynasty (960-1127), depicts that dynasty's eastern capital (present-day Kaifeng). The whole scroll (525 x 25.5 cm.) portrays quiet villages, the city highway and the busy market place. This is a section of the scroll portraying the market.

The original painting is in the Palace Museum, Peking.

III. THE WEI, TSIN, NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN DYNASTIES

220-617

After the end of the Han dynasty, up until the founding of the Tang—from 220 until 617, there was a period of considerable suffering for the people of China. There were many reigning houses in both North and South China. In the North, Wei Tartars and others set up courts and fought the Southern dynasties who were south of the Yangtze, with their capital at Nanking.

Little wonder, then, that the poetry of this period shows a longing for peace, and a desire to return to the happier times of the past.

The literati of the South maintained the Chinese tradition, which was to flower again and again in the succeeding generations. Tao Chien, one of the great poets, wrote of a Utopia that had been able to escape war, and live in happiness.

In the sixth century, towards the end of this era, the whole of China was united again. The Sui emperors centralized power, and after a short-lived rule, gave way to a great period of stability and creativeness that marked the beginnings of the Tang dynasty.

WAR IN CHANG-AN CITY

Chang-an in utter confusion
■ though wolves and tigers had been
let loose; and I turned into ■ refugee
seeking to escape from my own country
to the borders of another; my home sad
and bitter that I must go; my friends wishing
to escape with me.

Leaving the city
one saw nothing, for the horror of the surroundings
blotted out all else; everywhere
the white bones of the dead were
scattered and on the roads were starving women
putting the children they could not feed
into the grass to die;
the abandoned child cries, yet the mother
dare not turn her head, though herself
shedding tears, saying she knew not where
she would die herself, and surely both
could not keep alive; and I, rather than
listen to such bitter words, goad my horse
along faster;
■ the South I climb to Pa Ling,* looking
back at Chang-an; then, thinking of the good king

*Pa Ling is the place where Emperor Wen of the Han dynasty
■ buried. His reign was noted for peace and prosperity, but
his successor, Emperor Wu, started ■ and plunged the country
into misery. In paying a tribute to Emperor Wen, the poet was
indirectly showing his disapproval of his successor.

who lies there, long with ■ broken heart
for the sweet days of peace.

SONG OF BITTER COLD

Out there in the north are great distances;
■ wild place, full of danger and difficulty
where one bends the head to find a way
through broken valleys; then stiffens the back
to climb tall mountains where lie perpetually
thick ice and snow over ■ vast expanse;

at times clouds gather, blotting out everything
and the wild winds howl mournfully through
the forest trees; here we cannot ■ the light
of day or any of the homely scenes we love;
just hear the screech of mountain birds, the cry
of tigers in the dense woodlands,
the moaning of great apes on the rocks;

each evening we gather at the foot of ■ tree
to sleep, each day brings some fresh misery;
thirsty, we take ice to drink,
hungry, we have to wait until the dew
begins to appear; homesick we have none to tell
of our sufferings, either by day or night;

to be ■ soldier is of all things
most bitter; how can ■ human being stand
this everlasting cold and hardship?

ENLISTING

Bitter is the lot of a soldier, blown
with the winds everywhere; south
over the great ranges; north to the Long Wall*—
all tumbled hills and valleys with
bottomless chasms; and now the hills rise up
in front of us, making ■■ struggle, weighted
with arms, to climb them; then down to sandy rivers
using all our strength against the fierce flow;
in summer we march under the scorching sun
but when the wind turns cold our sharpest pains
are in crossing the rivers; in summer even the pools
we bathe in are hot; in winter they are covered
with thick ice; the horsemen of the enemy
come in like dense clouds, their banners
a net of stars; weapons glint and then clash
against weapons without cease; then in the morning
we cannot take off our armour, and at night
must hold arms in readiness; bitterness is always
with us soldiers,
from one hardship to a worse.

*The "Long Wall" is the Great Wall.

PEACH BLOSSOM SPRINGS

In a beautifully worded prose preface to this poem, Tao Chien describes a Utopia—surely one of the earliest of Utopias—where people who had been able to escape from wars were living in happy seclusion. He describes how a man of Wu Ling went up a stream into the mountains and then to a place where the banks were lined with peach trees in bloom, with grassy banks below them. He went on, and then through a crack in the mountains came through into a most fertile and beautiful country. The people had been there for five hundred years, and had not known of the rise and fall of the Han dynasty, even. They asked the man not to talk about them, but when he returned to the outside world, he reported the matter to the local official, who tried to find the way in to the fastness, but failed.

This great peace poem had a big influence on poets of later periods, showing men how much happiness could come when people could live free from war.

From the wars and chaos of Chin*
 those who would preserve true values
 sought escape; so were there sages
 and the people with them, who fled
 leaving no trace of their going;

at last these reached wild lands
 where none had dwelt before; here

*The Chin dynasty began with war, and ended with a rebellion in the period 221-207 B.C.

from the tilling of the soil, on through each day till time for rest they brought to flourish mulberry trees and bamboos, which gave them shade; crops of beans and millet were reaped in their season; spring brought long threads from silk cocoons, while in autumn, there were no taxes to pay to any king, for no roads went to the outer world; there were hens cackling and dogs barking; people's customs and their clothing were of days gone by; children banded themselves together, and came singing; the old and white-haired, looked happy, satisfied; strolling around, visiting each other;

there was the glory of harvests standing so peacefully; the trees sighing as they waited for winds to come; in such a place who would worry to keep ■ calendar, with the four seasons marking off each year?

With so great a fund of happiness no need for heavy labour, or to strive for knowledge to gain place; so felt these who for five hundred years had lived hidden away from all, until so casually found by one from the outside world; but the deep and the shallow come from different environments; so did these drop back once more into their seclusion;

and now I ask you, travellers all,
could you imagine such a place
set outside the dust and tumult?
For myself
I would ride on the wings of heaven
and soaring aloft
seek this happy land.

CHAI KUO

MARCHING SOUTH

She, gazing at the lone bird flying south,
cannot hold back her tears; thinking of him
marching on the southward drive
now far beyond the furthest base
of the wild goose; while on that bitter road
her husband remembers her
with anguish,

forgetting the frost-filled air
and her one thin garment
she stands there, still gazing; and the moon
breaking through ■ split in the cloud
shines full upon her.

Nightly she longs for him
and yearly hopes in vain for reunion.

"I shall put ■ mirror in a box,"
she says, "and send it to him;
seeing his own grey hairs he will know
how late it is and return to me."

And he, his heart longing too
for home, must ever march
monotonously through nights and days
of hardship; tears in his eyes
when he thinks
of distant Chang-an.

THE QUESTION

My loved one has been long in the army
and here I am left, looking at these walls
where now hang our musical instruments
so silently; my hair growing greyer
on ■ single pillow, my beauty fading in the light
of ■ single lamp; in my heart the everlasting
question—when
on our borders shall war cease? When
will his horse be stabled in our yard again?

ON FAREWELLING THE SOLDIER

In the quiet cool of the evening
friends and relatives of the enlisted man
stand at the door, seeing him off.

Then ■ he gets his weapons to go
his children
pull at his clothes to make him stay;

while there he stands, a-waiting
his horse to ride to Hsiao Kuan,
so joining his comrades at Ma Yi;
his duty simple—heedless that his corpse
may have but a horse skin*
for its shroud.

*Soldiers in olden times were often wrapped in a horse skin for burial, there being no coffins available.

BATTLE IN THE DUST STORM

Ascending the city wall, we gaze
over the old battlefield where the men
of six provinces fought and died.

Looking at the distant ridges
covered in the yellow haze
of ■ dust storm that grows darker
as it billows forward, we seem
to see the wild glint of weapons
through the dim light,
hear the sad notes of flutes
broken by the frontier wind.

HSU LING

MOON AT THE PASS

At the pass our troops are gazing at the full moon
and thinking of their homes in Tienshui;

where at night ■ wife will open her window, sleepless
in longing for her husband.

The banners of an army are like stars over Kashgar;
on the tall alps of Nan Shan stand our redoubts.

From olden times until now it has been like this—
when, oh when will these wars cease?

IV. THE TANG DYNASTY

618-907

This period in China ran parallel with the general break-down of civilization in Europe following the end of the Roman Empire.

At that time China was by far the world's greatest power. Her culture ■ already rich and mature and influenced both Europe and the rest of Asia. During this period Japan took her written language and many of her customs from China.

Military adventurers, however, would still try to get easy fame from war, and against these many of the Tang poets railed, showing the cost of these adventures in people's lives and happiness and in the retarding of progress.

As the poets dared not directly attack the powers that were, they usually placed the setting of their poems in ■ earlier period of history, such ■ the Han.

The emphasis placed by the poets upon peace is very marked indeed. Tu Fu, in particular, hands ■ down ■ legacy of which all mankind may be proud.

BALLAD OF YEN

The northeast* border regions were ever
dark with smoke and dust; generals
gloriously left their homes and rode
to defend the frontier; lads were pressed
to enlist with the promise
of seeing distant places, and the Emperor
looked down with gracious approval;

to the crash of martial music, the army
marched out through the Yu Gate and with banners
streaming, passed Chieh Shih; commanders busily
sent express dispatches to one another
across the desert; on the mountains of Langshan
could be seen the fires lit by the hunters
of the enemy chief, Shang-yu; here
all is desolate—monotonous, stark hills, wild streams.

Then the tribesmen attack like
a desert storm; our comrades dead
or half-dead lie along the frontier line
while in the rear, in the tents of headquarters,
lovely ladies comfort the generals with dance and song.

And at sunset at the front line post
our decimated troops stand among their dead comrades

*The "northeast" of ■■■ day was the region northeast of Chang-an (the Sian of modern times) and included the provinces now known as Suiyuan, Jehol and Hopei.

The poet (who had been a soldier himself) is probably attacking ■■■ army ■ his day in this satirical poem, but to safeguard himself places the action in the ■■■ period.

proud of the Emperor's favour;
our generals took ■■■ account of the enemy
so that all their efforts were exhausted
unable to break the enemy encirclement;

our armour has become thin and battered;
when we think of those from whom
we have been separated, we weep;
while back in our far homes grief rends
the hearts of our families, tears fall; but for ■■■
even to think of that other life is useless.

It is impossible to cross the great desert
let alone try to conquer it all; yet the lust
for killing, like a cloud recurring,

rolls over us; and in the long cold nights ■■■ listen
to the thud of drums telling ■■■ ■■■ clearly
that soon again sword edges will be red with blood
and death the common portion; once dead
who will ever care about military glory;

gentlemen, you have not ■■■ the bitterness
of war in the desert. You may go ■■■ sitting
and discussing the military prowess of Li Kuang
in the time of Han.

WANG CHANG-LING

LOOKING OUT FROM THE FRONTIER POST*

For the cicadas the mulberry trees are empty;
at the gates to the frontier, summer has withdrawn,
nowhere to go now but to walk out of the fortress and
then back again; for here is nothing, nothing but yellow
dried reeds and grasses; here have the soldiers
of Yu and Ping
grown old and joined the dusty sand.
Oh lads at home,
never be fooled with tales of military prowess, of feats
of horsemanship, so that you must emulate—
and end your days here.

UNDER THE FRONTIER POST

We cross a stream and my horse
drinks up the autumn water; cold
water now, and the wind cuts like a knife.
Over the desert sand the sun sets;
through the haze I can barely see
the distant walls of Lintao; and I think

*In the northwest, frontier posts were studded along the Great Wall and its offshoots. The long line of bleak fortresses runs through terrible, desolate country where men on frontier posts have become mad with longing for a more normal kind of life.

In this poem there is the whiff of the frontier, the feeling of stark loneliness and the bitterness of life at these posts. Great sunsets over vast steppe, desert grasses, freezing water, wind that becomes too painful to keep one's face against. Here time is endless, one century just like another. And always war.

of all the battles fought beside the Great Wall
and of the tales of battles once
on all men's lips;
tales that have vanished
with the yellow dust storms of the ages; and now
at times come desert winds that blow
amongst the grasses
uncovering scattered bones.

WANG HAN

SONG OF LIANGCHOU*

We carouse in the evening, tossing down
grape wine from white jade cups; then
hurriedly, ■ last drink ■ the cavalry band
strikes up for ■ to go. The night march** over
we fall asleep drunk ■ the desert.

Don't laugh, gentlemen! Always
of those who go to frontier wars,
so few return.

*Liangchou is modern Wuwei, ■ city by the edge of the ■
in western Kansu, ■ kilometres west of Lanchow.

**Marching was usually done at night as enemies would not see
■ forces and as, in ■ midday march would ■ out ■
horses. Camels today in this region travel at night.

LI PAI

WAR

Last year the war was in the northeast,
this year we fight in the far northwest,
grinding our weapons on the stones by
■ highland lake; grazing our horses among snow-drifts
on Tienshan slopes; over the vast border front ■■■ men
grow ever older, wearier.

But to our enemy, the Hsiung Nu,* killing
is ■ ploughing to us;
over the wide desert the only crops
are whitening bones;
here the people of Chin tried to wall out the tribesmen;
here we of Han** must go ■■
burning beacon fires for ever,
as there seems no end
to this war.

In the madness of the battlefield, ■■■ fight and die
with abandon; horses riderless,
neigh madly, the piercing sound
reaching to the heavens; crows
and eagles tear the intestines from the corpses,
fly heavily with them so that they catch up
in the branches of dead trees
and hang there.

*The Hsiung Nu of that time ■■■ nomadic tribes outside ■
Great Wall.

**Li Pai writes against aggressive war using Han examples as
naturally he cannot criticize his Tang emperor.

Fragments of what ~~once~~ were men
scattered over the desert—
and in the end, it seems, the generals
have settled nothing.

War is ■ horrible thing—
only in sheer self-defence
would our wise ~~men~~ of old
ever resort to it.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS

On Yen Chih Mountain, gold leaves of autumn fall
and I go to the tower above our home
to think of you; over the water azure clouds
are breaking; and, from the frontier plains,
comes the first breath of winter.

Now the tribesmen are mustering their forces
in the desert; the messengers of Han have
returned from Yu Men Kuan,* still there
is no news of my husband's return; I feel
that my heart is breaking as I watch the orchid
withering away.

LOOKING AT THE MOON

Looking across the desert to Tienshan Mountains
and at ■ moon that seems to float over a sea of cloud,
steppe and desert over which
the wind blows unceasingly,
whistling around the towers of Yu Men Kuan;

I think of the bitterness of the Pai Teng Road
and of the tribesmen around
the shores of Lake Kokonor**
ever pressing against us.

*Yu Men Kuan (the Jade Pass) ■ at the end of the Great Wall
in western Kansu.

**Lake Kokonor (Blue Lake), the present Lake Chinghai in the
province of that name.

It is an old story, that from the battlefield
no one ever returns; the soldiers gaze
back at the frontier regions

all with the longing to return home
written in the gaunt lines of their faces.

And I think of the towers in our distant homes
where our loved ones will be standing and sighing
with no answering sound coming from the stillness.

AUTUMN SADNESS

Through
the yellow-golden clay*
of the Great Wall he rides
on white horse;

so she dreams, always thinking
of him in war, living in desert wastes;

fireflies flit by her window,
the moonlight passes over her;

she
left with all the sadness
of autumn leaves colouring,
withering, falling, of branches
being left bare—

*Yellow-golden clay describes the loess of Northwest China. Great Wall in the Northwest is a high rampart of rammed loess clay, the grey brick wall of Peking.

unseen by any
weeps each hour
knowing full well
tears are useless.

AUTUMN ON THE FRONTIER

With the oncoming of autumn
hungry tribesmen become restive,
so the army of Imperial Han
marches to the frontier.

As we leave our fortifications
tiger batons* are issued to commanders,
camp equipment to soldiers
who will sleep on desert sands.

The frontier moon shines on the bows
and frost sparkles on the bright swords.

No, little wife at home, so far
I have not even re-entered
Yu Men Kuan, so little use for you
to sigh so bitterly.

*"Tiger batons" were batons with a tiger's head engraved on them, the duplicate of which was kept by the headquarters of the troops. It was the visual sign of command and the troops seeing it would follow the commander who bore it.

EVENING SONG

Chang-an* under ■ new moon, and I in the evening
listen to the sound of many women beating clothes
by the water.**

An autumn wind blows and I know well
that many ■ woman feels its chill, and is anxious for
her husband, fighting in the far Northwest—

then she thinks, "I wonder when the war
will end, so that he will no longer need
to fight."

ON A WINTER'S NIGHT

Tomorrow a courier will gallop***
swiftly west, and will take from her
■ gift;

■ preparing it she sits
through the night—a soldier's
padded coat—and into its stitching
she puts her heart.

*Chang-an was the capital in the Tang dynasty.

**Chinese ■ washed their clothing by beating it with wooden bats by the riverside.

In the period ■ which the poet writes there was constant war on ■ northwest frontier, and these simple lines express the anxiety of the women and their longing for peace.

***The Imperial couriers went in relays from Chang-an, the capital, to the border armies.

Fingers freeze so that movement
becomes difficult; to grasp
the ice-cold scissors painful;

yet before dawn sewing is finished
and hopefully she hands it to relay riders
to carry all the long way to Lintao;*
wondering anxiously how many days it will be
before he wears her handiwork.

DOWN INTO SZECHUAN

A wild, steep road
more hazardous to take
than to try to climb
the heavens, it would seem;

in the dim, forgotten ages
men came and settled in this country
yet never building roads
to the centre of our Empire; just
leaving us the kind of path
birds can walk over, winding onward from Shensi
to the Mountain of Omei; ■ road,
such ■ it is, that was rent by earthquake
so that the ground subsided, mountains
split asunder and brave men
were lost; and now there is but
this track, steps cut here and there
in stone, suspension bridges over

*Lintao ■ a city in Kansu, ■ the old Tibetan border ■ is
now populated largely by the descendants of the Mohammedan sol-
■ brought to China to quell the An Lu-shan rebellion in the period
■ which this poem deals.

raging torrents; crawling across,
one catches ■ glimpse of the way
high up ahead, then looking down
in terror finds below the seething
waters; not even the Yellow Crane
could pass easily here; better for us
to go on four feet like monkeys; around
and then around that mountain of green
clay we wind, nine twists to each hundred
steps, panting for breath, each holding
his chest with his hands, staggering towards
the stars;

but why take such ■ road,
one asks? Why go into the unknown
through such dangers, the only sign
of life mountain birds on ancient
trees wooing each other; hearing
on moonlight nights their mournful
cries echoing over the waste; surely this
march is more difficult than trying
to fly; even the tales of the peril
leave the faces of listeners white;
ahead, the peaks seem just one foot
below heaven; ancient pine trees hang
down the face of the cliffs; and the wild
waters tempestuously roar; boulders crash
and through all the valleys resounds
the thunder of their falling;

and you who have travelled this long
and weary way through all these dangers,
why have you come? Truly, here stands ■ pass
which one man could hold against many
but should this man be a traitor like

those we have left, a wolf or a tiger,
what then?

For we have slipped away
from savage tigers, from
treacherous snakes; from where
■ were chopped to bits like hemp
with wild beasts chewing their flesh;

■ therefore look we to the cities of Szechuan
with longing; yet facing the reality
of the road wonder if it were not better
to turn back; harder to go on
than to climb to heaven—then grimly
facing the way forward
we march again.

Anyone who has been down the back valleys of Szechuan will understand this poem well. All fighters of the Chinese ■ Army who were on the Long March would understand it. The vast tumbled ■ of jagged mountains, the huge clefts made by earthquake, the roaring torrents the sound of which drowns ■ speech, the steps through green clay mountains. The translator himself has been terrified going ■ all fours over ■ of the bamboo rope suspension bridges.

At ■ time written of by Li Pai the refugees were fleeing the horrors of the civil ■ that followed the rebellion ■ An Lu-shan, a ruthless militarist seeking power for himself.

The whole point of the poem is that the savagery of the civil ■ behind them ■ ■ to be feared than the dangers of the road and ■ the uncertainty of the welcome ahead; will they find that having reached their refuge, wolves in human form await them, ■ fierce ■ those from which they have escaped?

THE RESULT

The armies of Chin Shih Huang*
swept through the land, fierce,
heroic; when ■ raised

*First emperor of the Chin dynasty (221-207 B.C.).

for war,
the lords of ~~men~~ rushed to join with them;

pulling down one dynasty
did this conqueror set
up his own; making a powerful
empire, reaching to ~~all~~
~~the~~ coasts;

seven hundred thousand prisoners
he had, making them toil as slaves
building his palaces and gardens
hoping through some magic medicine
to gain for himself eternal life;

even sending off youth to islands of the east
to ask the immortals for this; then
on the top of the cliffs watching
anxiously for their return;

and the net result of all
of this?
A rich coffin containing
some cold and lifeless ashes.

LI HUA

SAD THOUGHTS ON A BATTLEFIELD

A vast expanse of deserted country
a curling river winding around it
hills of drifting sand; no living person,
silent, dead; ■ moaning wind blowing
under the desert sun; withered grasses
and brambles carried by the wind, aimlessly;
cold ■■ on a frosty morning; even the birds
do not alight, and wild animals go astray
looking for their mates;

at the remount station by the Wall
I asked the guard what place was this
and replying he told me that here
was an ancient battlefield; that here
many had died, so that on dull days in the rain
one could hear their spirits weep;
a frightful place, of frightful memory;

and I wondered, was it Chin or Han,
or of some more recent date?
I had heard that Chi and Wei conscripted men for wars
while Chin and Han called for volunteers
from the starving,
which amounted to much the same thing;
with the soldiers

leaving their homes to go to distant places,
sleeping by the edge of roads, feeding their horses
on desert grass, breasting rivers of ice, going

so far that they no longer would they know
how to return; living with their lives balanced
on the edge of a sword; bitter their thoughts
yet whom could they tell? None!

After Chin and Han, there was always
war with the tribesmen; all the resources
of the country were exhausted; and it was
with every period; yet I have heard that
in ancient times the tribesmen never crossed
our borders, or sought to engage us in arms;
only with the decline of civilization
with its degeneration of education, was it
that military men were left to resort to strategy
instead of using the power of peace;
maybe the peaceful method was thought too slow
or not glorious enough for generals;

that is how it is—

but to return to the story of the battle here;

the wind blew up the sand, covering all
so that the soldiers' eyes were full of sand,
but in this enemy country, our opponents
were used to sand and outflanked us
under its cover; our general was too proud

and did not understand; and the enemy came
and we were put on the defensive; the battlefield
was covered with standards, and all along the river
tents were pitched; iron discipline struck terror
into every heart, with the lives of the soldiers
of no account, where the prestige of the commanders
was concerned; and the order and was closed
with the enemy; blood entered flesh; sand
blew in our faces; we picked up opponents

and fought so fiercely that we were no longer aware of our surroundings; the sound of the river was lost in the cries of battle; ■■ clutched and stabbed—then the dust storm was followed by snow that fell heavily till at the end it reached our knees; on our beards icicles hung; even the vultures took shelter, and our horses, shivering with cold, would not move; ■■ bitter a cold that coats padded with silk, gave no warmth; skins cracked open, fingers froze and dropped off, and the enemy, taking advantage of the conditions, wrought great havoc amongst us; ■■ that with the battle lost corpses filled the hollows; ditches by the Great Wall ran with blood; death was on all sides; regardless of rank, men died together;

the drums were broken, no strength was left, bow-strings burst, arrows all shot off, swords cleft at their hafts; fight, and death is sure; surrender—and we become foreign slaves; the birds were dumb, and the hills remained silent then all through the long night, only the cold wind whistled; spirits came together in the black clouds that overhung us; though the sun burst through in the day, it was still freezing; at night the moon looked sad and mournful; next morning all ■■■ covered with frost; surely no sight could have been more heart-rending than this;

I have heard that in the olden days when the Huns attacked us, Li Mu led the men of Chao against them, and they retreated, leaving us ■ thousand li of territory; but the Han Emperors mobilized great armies, exhausting the resources of the country to no purpose; showing that it is not the numbers that count, rather the

quality of leadership;
in the time of Chou, the army drove back the invading
tribesmen to Taiyuan, pressing them no further; then
they fortified the northern frontier,
and the whole army returned
to the joy of all, to celebrate its victory;

but with the Chin, things became different;
the First Emperor's lust for power ate up
the lives of his people in reckless onslaughts;
building the Great Wall that left a trail of blood;
then the Han Emperors took the offensive
against the Huns, covering whole battlefields
with bones, and the barren Yen Shan was a pitiful
gain compared with all the losses of our men;

and when I think of how people love their children
hug them, caress them, carry them so carefully,
looking upon them as the most precious thing, dreading
that they may not live long; how brothers grow up
together like members of the same body; how when
a man gets a wife, he loves and cherishes her—

then how these men are taken
and made into soldiers; this is hateful;
killing other men they do not know
and being killed by them; families at night
dream of their loved ones—alive or dead?
Now and then come rumours about them,
with the real truth ever in doubt;

so here do I make my offering to you
sad spirits of the ancient battlefield;
tears fill my eyes as I gaze at the horizon
even the landscape, the grass and the trees
look downcast, sharing my grief; this offering I make

■ that you may not wander helplessly, famines and calamities arise;

oh, is it death, or is it life we seek?
Can it be that this is the will of heaven
or do ■ just have bad fortune?

From the days of old unto this time we have borne
the scourge of war; what, then shall we do?
To me, the answer is simple; no war
of conquest shall we wage; keep only men enough
to protect ourselves.

BALLAD OF THE WAR CHARIOTS

To the sound of war chariots on the move,
 of horses neighing,
 men march
 with their bows and arrows slung over their hips,
 while beside them stumble, run, ■ mass of parents,
 wives, children who tug at their clothing
 until in the dust
 by the great bridge at Hsien Yang they can go
 no further
 and stamping their feet
 and weeping in utter desperation their cries seem
 to reach to the clouds
 ■■ intense are they.

To ask a soldier, "why do you go?" would only
 bring the simple answer, "today men are conscripted
 often; fifteen-year-olds are sent to the northern border
 to fight; ■■■■ of forty to colonize frontier lands;
 before he leaves his village ■ lad will have his hair
 bound for the first time by our headman; if he ever
 returns, it will be white with age, and even then
 he will be sent to guard the frontiers;

frontiers on which enough blood has flowed
 to make ■ sea; yet the Emperor Wu
 still desires to expand his authority;

east of Hua Shan, county towns and villages
 ■■■ desolate with weeds and thorns;

the strongest women
till the fields, but lacking everything, crops
■ poor and scattered;

our men are not afraid
of the fiercest battle; but hate
to be driven like dogs or chickens;
only since you ask me do I dare
give vent to our grievances;

for instance, take this winter
with the men from the frontier not yet
returned, the magistrate demands
immediate payment of taxes; how
can we pay when naught has been
produced?

We peasants have learned one thing now—
to have ■ son is not so good
■ to have a daughter who can be married
to some neighbour and still be near us;

for ■ son will be taken from us;
his bones, bleached white, will join
those that lie unburied on the shores
of Lake Kokonor;
where the voices of new spirits join with the old
heard sadly through the murmur
of falling rain."

IN FRONT OF THE GREAT WALL

Slipping out of our old homes
and forced to march with the army

over the roads and rivers, yet knowing
that regulations fix dates of
arrivals and departures at stations
and all not keeping to these will be
punished;

we wonder why the Emperor who has
■ much rich, good land should want
to have ■ march to the frontiers to gain
more; with all the love and grace of parents
flung aside ■ we join in the tumult
of war.

ARMY TRAINING

Now so long in the army that I
am no longer treated as ■ novice;
not that I have forgotten the love
of my family, but when at any moment
one may be killed, when one has to pick up
■ dropped rein amongst pounding hoofs
or jump down a crag to seize an enemy flag
in the valley below—then thoughts of home
must be pushed out of one's mind.

GRINDING ARMS

Grinding our weapons,
and the sound comes through
the swishing of water as it

suddenly turns red from the hands
cut by the blade, the sharp pain
culminating in bitter mood; yet
given to army service, how can one
complain? One's name shall be
inscribed on the roll of honour
and one's bones shall, with the bones
of others, change to dust.

A SOLDIER'S BITTERNESS

Over all those long roads
leading us to the armies here;
armies where so many are bitter
and sad, only the few happy; our
proud general does not concern himself
about us; and now, over the river,
I see all the banners of the enemy;
nought am I but the slave of my
masters; what hope for me
to be given honour?

THOUGHTS AT THE FRONTIER

In picking out bows
pick the longest;
in choosing arrows
choose the strongest;
in killing men, first kill their horses,
in taking captives, first capture the commanders.

There is ■ limit to the killing of men;
a country should have its frontiers
and hold to them.

It is enough to keep aggressors
away; ■■■ ■■■■ in ■■ much wounding,
killing.

THE COLD

Riding
through rain and snow,
our troops enter
the tall mountains
in dangerous places,
clinging to frozen stones;
fingers freezing and falling off
on to the icy ground.
And I think how long
since I left home! And
■ thinking gaze up
at the little clouds
floating so easily
southward
and grieve
that I cannot
ride with them.

BY THE GREAT WALL

At dawn the new soldiers
enter the camp outside the East Gate
then march all day and in the evening
cross the Ho Yang Bridge, red light of sunset
colouring their banners.

Horses neigh, the wind whistles
around tents pitched in the desert;
each unit musters in its
proper quarters, under the brightness
of the moonlight;

then come strict orders
for silence through the night;
and sadness spreads, deepened

by the sound of the music of the tribesmen
borne plaintively on the wind,
striking a chord in all hearts

so that all tremble with emotion
and seasoned soldiers are no longer proud.

Who, may I ask, is the general here?
Is it Huo Piao Yao?*

*Here Tu Fu is probably criticizing some military adventurer of his time, perhaps An Lu-shan, but for safety's sake places his poem in the Han dynasty and ■■■■ ■■■■ adventurer-general of that period, Huo Piao Yao. An Lu-shan, ■■ northeasterner, was the favourite of Yang Kuei Fei, the Emperor Ming Huang's most beautiful concubine. ■■■ later rebelled in ■ bid for personal power which cost the China of ■■ day thirty million lives.

LOOKING OUT ON SPRING

Though our country has been crushed
rivers and hills stay the same; the city
is filled with tall trees and the high
grass of spring; even flowers seem to shed
tears for the sadness of our time, and birds
grieve at the sight of people
parting from their beloved;

now

for these three months
have the beacon fires
flared unceasingly
while a letter from home is as precious
as gold
and when I strive to bind up
my grey hairs, they are so few
the pin will not hold them.

THOUGHTS BY MOONLIGHT

Over the heavens the autumn moon
comes to its fullness; on earth
clear shadows are cast by men. I gaze

into its brightness and ■■■
the Rabbit still grinding his medicine
the Toad eternally by the Milky Way,

and feel that life continues;

yet ■ I sit under the night sky
my heart fills with bitterness,
grey hairs gleaming whiter under this moon,
■ I reflect on the war that still covers
our land; rebelling

against the moonlight; it should not shine
on soldiers' camps, turning all hearts
towards home.

RETURN TO CHIANG VILLAGE (Chiang Village I)

Over the stately mountains a setting sun
throws its gorgeous colour; on the plain
the day slips out; sparrows twitter
around the lattice gate; and I, after
all those miles, all that suffering,
am home.

Wife and children, eyes wide with surprise,
meet me, shedding many a quiet tear; not
■ easy with all the world at war, to have
■ ■ come home; yet this joy has come to ■
and them.

The neighbours' heads stick over the garden wall
and everywhere one hears sighs of surprise
and welcome; in the dead of night
we sit by the light of a candle
and I gaze into the faces of my dear ones ■ if
in ■ dream.

FIRST DAYS AT HOME (Chiang Village II)

Held down by war through all those years,
snatching one's life from death—

and now the joy of return is tempered
by the sorrows of poverty, of separation

my much-loved ■■■ stays close to my side
■■■ though fearing that his father
suddenly may be gone again to that other life;

and so we explore together all the old places
I knew to be so good
and cool in the summer;

walk under the trees and around the pool
with the north wind sighing so gently;

comforting things are these to one harassed
with so many anxieties;

for we know that we must rely
on our harvests of millet;

■■■ we take counsel together
how we should make wine enough,

wine that would encourage us
through all our days, in the eve of life.

THE WELCOME PARTY (Chiang Village III)

Such ■ noise from our flock of chickens
that I chase them off under the trees
to stop their fighting; for the neighbours
are here, already knocking at the garden gate.

Here comes the group of elders—four or five
of them, each in his hand ■ present, greeting ■■■■
after my long journey; we sit, and together
we drink the wine they have brought me
in wooden jugs;

“poor stuff,” they say, and then go on
wondering how we could have better, for
the millet fields are not ploughed, the
call for soldier’s armour never ceases;
sons have gone marching East with the army;

and I reply, “let me sing a song for you,
my elders, of how sweet ■ thing it is to have
your help in days of trouble” and after the song
I sighed, and we looked into each other’s eyes
seeing all were wet with tears.

THOUGHTS ON THE ROAD NORTH

Wars still not ended;
so am I consumed by wrath
as, weeping a little, unwilling
to leave our temporary capital,

I ride on, pondering ■ the plight
of our country; when will all this
worry and sadness cease?

Over winding tracks
that lead through the fields
we pick our way; ■ country now
laid waste, men nor any sign of life
but rarely seen; only at times
wounded soldiers bleeding and
crying out in their distress; I
look back at Fenghsiang,* seeing the
glint of the setting sun wane
on fluttering standards; and then
we turn into the tumbled, freezing
hills, halting now and then
to water our horses
by the roadside;

in the middle of one night
we cross an old battlefield
with the cold moonlight shining
on white bones; and I think of
all the slain of olden times
who have fallen near this great
Eastern Pass; here half the ■■■
of Chin met death or maiming;

and ■ we travel I remember
how I was taken by the enemy
and held for one whole year,

*Fenghsiang is ■ city in western Shensi, not far from the modern Paochi, on the Lunghai Railway. At the time of which Tu Fu writes, it had been made the temporary capital following the devastation of Chang-an in the civil wars. Tu Fu had been captured and held by the enemy for ■ year, and returned home to find his family starving.

my hair going white with all
my troubles; then the return
home; meeting my family in their
poverty, half-starved with clothes
in rags;
how we wept together
like pines in the wind
lonely and desolate;
and my most-loved child
who had been so beautiful
unkempt and dirty; she
and the others standing
in front of the bed, clad only
in pieces of old garments
sewn together;

yet was I still alive
and could play with them
and it was as though
the bitterness of hunger
and thirst were eased when
they plied ■■■ with questions
and pulled my beard; and
I could not be angry and
shout at them, for after all
my captivity it was good
to listen to their inconsequential
talk; for I had come back from
death; and now remained but one
problem
how to live?

A TRAVELLER'S STORY*

The man from Hsin-an said
he heard there the conscripting officials
yelling for able-bodied men; and the people
answering that the place was small and
their best had been taken already; bringing
the announcement that the younger lads
would be called up; and the protest; "they
are so short and small, how can they help
to defend cities"—going unheeded;
the fat boys had mothers to
farewell them; the lean ones
who are the orphans, trudged alone;
beside them the sparkling stream
flows east, and the sound of weeping is echoed
from the green hills, until one advises them
"hold your tears
lest your eyes be hurt;
you may weep until the bones show
but neither heaven nor earth
will come to your help."

OFFICIAL VISIT TO SHIH HAO VILLAGE

One sunset I came to Shih Hao Village and
shortly there followed
■ an official, seizing conscripts;
in the courtyard of the peasant's home where I stayed
■ an old man quickly got over the wall and vanished.

*Extract from ■ longer poem.

To the door ■■■■ his old wife to greet the official
■ best she could;
he, in great anger, ■■■■ at her,
but she answered bitterly, and I heard her words:

“I have had three ■■■■ taken
to be soldiers at Yeh Cheng
then ■■■■ a letter saying that two had
been killed and that the third never knew
which day he would die.

Now in this hut there is
none but ■ baby grandson
whose mother still suckles him;
she cannot go out as she has no clothing
to cover her nakedness.

All I can do is to go back with you
to the battle at Hoyang;
there I can cook, even though I ■■ old—
take me, spare them.”

Night wore on
the sound of voices died away
until there was left coming from the hut, only
the sobbing of the daughter-in-law;
at dawn I ■■■■ and left
with only the old man
to bid me good-bye.

LAMENT OF THE NEW WIFE

The gentle creeper does not cling
to the wild bramble that breaks loose
and goes tumbling across the plain; better to lie
taking no hold, though it can scarcely grow.

So feel I, the girl married
to a soldier.

Betrothed, our wedding came
the night before he marched; and now I may
no longer warm his bed; for speedily
he left at dawn.

Although he's not so far away
with the frontier only at Hoyang,
I can't be with him as a wedded woman,
and feeling scarcely a wife, how can I go to bow
and serve his parents?

My family, when they reared me
kept me day and night in the home; and I
I became shy and retiring; yet a grown
woman has a woman's rights;
even the chickens and the dogs have mates.

Now he marches to the place of death
and my heart is torn with despair; would
that I could be with him, yet would this
but distract, not help; it could not be;
the joys of marriage must be forgotten
and I must wish for him only that he
may do his duty as a gallant soldier;

my old home ~~was~~ poor
it took me long to get
my wedding clothes; and now
that I have the silks of ■ bride
I cannot wear them; now I wash
the colour from my lips and face;

seeing ■ I look around, the birds
small and big, pairing together
and thinking how the affairs of men
are not arranged as well as these;

so in our separation, shall he and I
be for ever longing
for one another.

THE OLD MAN RETURNS TO WAR

War everywhere;
though old, I cannot have quiet, for
with sons and grandsons killed
in the fighting, life for me
has now but little meaning.

Throwing away my stick
I get outside the house;
an object of sorrow
to my friends, telling myself
that still I have ■■■■■ of my teeth
although my bones are brittle; then
fitting myself up ■ best I can
report to the local official
for service;

and ■ I leave, I pass
my old wife, kneeling by the path
crying; I notice how the winter wind
blows through her thin clothing; think
how unlikely it is that we shall
meet again; then worry about her
catching cold, but she only says to me,
"look after yourself" ■ I go; and I muse

fortifications at Tu Men Pass are strong
river crossings at Hsing Yuan difficult;
yet there the situation is better than at
Yeh Cheng; maybe there is yet some time
to live, though death does seem certain;
one knows that separation is
a common enough thing, regardless of youth
or age; yet still would one linger on
sighing because one is no longer young,
and the whole of our land is mad
with war; beacon fires smoke from every
fort; corpses lie among the grass, stinking;
and streams are crimson with blood;

so does one wonder just where
peace and happiness may be found, for here
at home it is ■ bad ■ on the frontiers;
now there is little reason for me to stay,
go I must and broken-hearted, the old man
passes from his home, out into
the unknown.

THE HOMELESS

In all those years of confusion
weeds grew over gardens and homes;
my ~~my~~ village of some hundred families
was ruined; with no ~~no~~ of its ~~all~~
away fighting; dead, they had simply
turned to mud.

After the defeats in battle, I returned
finding all changed; even the sky
seemed dismal and the day cold and dreary,
all around were foxes and wild-cats; their hair
standing on end; filling the place
with their cries; the old security
gone.

Now people were scattered and few;
in some of the corners old widows barely
existed; and one thought how the birds
planned ~~so~~ much better than we;

for ~~a~~ bird does not leave its nest, so shall I,
despite the desolation, stay in my home village;

now in the spring I take my tools
and work from morn till night; but again
men ~~are~~ needed for war, and the county officials,
caring nothing, send a yamen ~~official~~
to lead ~~me~~ off.

If there ~~are~~ none left at home, then it is easier;
then to be far off is a small thing, indeed,
the farther the better;

my mind ~~now~~ back to ~~my~~ old mother,
sick five years and then dying so miserably;
she who bore me getting nothing in return—
ah, all our lives have been made bitter by war!

Now homeless again, and forced ~~more~~ more
to ~~go~~ and fight, I wonder why I could not
have been born to some common state, and
left alone.

~~This poem~~ is of the time of the civil ~~war~~ started by An Lu-shan,
when ~~there was much violence~~ among the people.

THE GLORY OF WAR

On ~~an~~ old battlefield
I get down from the saddle
seeing nothing but the grasses
waving before ~~a~~ dreary wind
flecks of cloud ~~white~~ the sky
golden leaves dropping sadly;

bones of the slaughtered
now left to ants to crawl
amongst; skulls with creepers
running through sightless
eyes;

and ~~as~~ I paced, I thought
of how ~~the~~ continue aggression;
sighing
thinking of all the conditions
~~on~~ our frontiers.

THINKING OF MY BROTHERS IN THE MOONLIGHT

War drums rattle;
below, the roads are bare.

The sound of ■ wild goose flying
■ low and so swiftly this autumn night*
brings sharp desire for ■ message from home.

Here now, the dew changes to frost; and
the moon shines as bright as in my own
native land; my brothers are scattered
and now, at home, none remain to wonder if I
am alive or dead;

but why torture myself with all this thinking?
Even if we were at peace we are too far
for news to reach us; now, at war,
what hope is there?

WASHING CLOTHES

Still you do not return from war; so
must we clean the washing stones
and prepare clothing
for the cold of the bitter months to come.

*In autumn, in the northwest, wild geese fly southward at night, flying low and ■ formation. Their flying makes soldiers think of letters, just as moonlight makes them think of home.

Without you ■■■
the days are empty;

what can we do but wash your warm clothing
and try to send it to the distant frontier?

So we collect our women's strength and beat
with so great ■ noise that perhaps
ever you will hear
the sound coming to you through the air.

FAREWELL

It seems that all of our world
is at war, yet you ask why
must I flee to such far places?
Friends gather around and weep
as I saddle my horse for departure
to those distant, lone cities;

now is the time when leaves begin to fall
on the passes, and by the river there will be
snow and frost;

though we parted but yesterday,
already we understood the sorrow
of all old partings, when
loved ones separated.

SONG OF THE BARLEY

And ~~now~~ the barley is ripe
the wheat turning yellow; yet
wives ~~are~~ still weeping for their husbands
who have either run away to hide,
gone east to Chi and Pi or west
to Liang and Yang; and all over
these areas, none reap
but the enemy.

Ask why the three thousand
Szechuanese soldiers do not reap
and all we can say

■ that they live in bitterness up in the
mountains, without rest, yet unable to hold off
the enemy; so that now the only way I might return
would be to rise on wings like ■ bird, then
entering ■ cloud of white, fly home.

Tu Fu ■ ■ war refugee ■ Szechuan, and thinks of his old home
in Shensi.

AUTUMN MELANCHOLY

Last autumn when leaves began to fall
along the Fu River, a lad passed here
riding his horse, carrying his spear
■ proudly; now ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ knows where his bones
lie bleaching; for of those who went
■ ■ ■ ■ ■ have returned;

inside the city of Suichou,*
the imperial banners still stand
though in the countryside, but few
local people have survived;

on the battlefields
the spirits of the dead weep
while in the army camps
there is despondency.

THE SOLDIER

Look in ten homes and you would find
but few men; the mountains and hills
become useless for defence; all along
the main roads are soldiers, while
the people are weeping; nowhere in the cities
can you hear the sound of songs;

refugees from war everywhere, like
withered grass scattered ■ the wind;
everywhere the stamp of soldiers
equipped for battle;

the forces that would bring order
do not arrive, ■ am I left by
the cross-roads in Szechuan, not knowing
where to go.

*Suichou ■ a city in northern Szechuan. A rebellion took place
the year ■

NIGHT THOUGHTS ON PEACE AND WAR

A cool breeze from the bamboo groves
enters my room; bright shafts of moonlight dance
wildly in the courtyard; ■ heavy dew is falling;
and here and there stars twinkle; fireflies flit
from one dark place to another; and the waterfowl
by the river call to each other;

and I, pondering on a strange thing—that all
the world depends on war rather than
on peace, sit through the night
in sadness.

SONG OF THE FIREWOOD VENDORS

With hair
already changing colour,
middle aged
and still unmarried, are
the working women of
Kueichou; for
with wars raging still,
they have no chance
for husbands; so
their lives ■ full
of resentment and despair;
here, in this place
old custom persists,
with women ■ their feet
and out working, while
the men sit, and watch

their homes; here
most women climb the hills
seeking firewood, carrying
it in on their backs
to sell for food;

yet even in their middle age
they wear their hair
in girlish plaits;
sticking wild flowers
and pretty leaves, into it
with silver hairpins; then
over the mountains
they climb, packing
on their backs great loads
of branches; or else
they seek work down
in the salt wells, risking
their lives, to earn what they
may; from their faces
nothing may erase
the marks of bitterness
the tears; for their days
they pass in barren lands
with little clothing
to keep out the cold, cut
off from life;

■■■■ say,
the women of this place,
are just too ugly; yet here
is ■ village, famous for ■
beauty of beauties.*

*Referring to the beautiful concubine, Wang Chao-chun, given by ■ Han Emperor to ■ enemy chieftain. Kueichou of that day was a city ■ the Yangtse, west of Hankow.

Tu Fu talks of the effects of ■ on country women left at home.

THUNDER

They burn off the hill sides
to scare out the rain dragons,
yet still the drought persists
and clouds simply taunt;

in southern country where
the climate brings disease
■ farmer's work is tough;
now everywhere they pray
for rain; dance to gain
the compassion of gods;
through the hills sounds
the beating of drums, bringing
only silence from the dragon
kings, who should provide;

■
are the rites
to gods of clay
useless.

The people sigh in despair
everywhere the harvest has failed
so have the farmers naught
with which to pay taxes;

the grey-haired elders
stare at heaven, and weeping
shout back at it; to whom
■■■ they tell of their oppression,
of their wounds?

Useless

to suffer torture
to hope for heavenly clemency
to blame witches*
useless;

what can be done
is to halt aggressive war
punish the greedy who
break the law;
and everywhere, all men
go about their proper work
naught stolen, naught used amiss;

surely there may come
long droughts and floods**
as they did in ancient times
these, in our lives
we hope to avoid;

for the heat of the sun
will melt both gold and stone;
now have men turned to be
robbers, wild beasts; with
the male principle dominant***
how can things but grow
increasingly wilder;

last night
there was the crash of thunder

*Witches, or mediums in old society urged to speak strongly to the gods, were blamed if dry weather came.

**In ancient times there were long legendary droughts and floods, which Tu Fu refers. His thesis is that ordinary short-could be met, there was not illicit taxation and preparations.

***The principle of the sun is male. Male alone make for trouble.

like the noise of war; winds
tore over the heavens; rains
vanished; surely the spirits
are futile;

hard to breathe
in this heat, for
one's body seems
to disintegrate;
sweat
makes garments sodden;
one feels a wreck;
in sickness, my one is
worse than that of others
for me there is no hope
for harvest.

DEFENCE AND SUPPLY

And now lies burnt
our eastern capital;
no one to say that a couple of men
can defend the pass against a hundred;
for everywhere there
is wavering; and one
for our northern defences
built in the time of ancient kings,
have these been maintained?

And again, who are these
who struggle into the office
of ministers? Let one look
to the example of one leader



The Poet and His Donkey
by Hsu Wen-chang

Hsu Wen-chang (1521-1593) was a painter and writer of the Ming dynasty. By simple brush strokes he has created an impressionistic sketch of ■ poet in autumn riding through the countryside on his donkey. The withering leaves and lightness of the donkey's step express the poet's mood.

who has doffed his splendour
leading his ■■■■ to grow grain,
supporting themselves.

In the time of Tu Fu, ■ court rebellion led by An Lu-shan seized power and armies advanced towards the capital, then Chang-an, Loyang, the old eastern capital, ■■■■ burnt and ■■■■ troops ■■■■ ■■■■ leading to Chang-an.

CHANGE IN CHANG-AN

The Chang-an of ours today
becomes like a great
chess-board, for men
to play with Empire; too late
do we regret the havoc
the ill-spent years have
wrought; now palaces
and mansions have new lords
even the styles of clothing
change; war drums call
to the northern borders,
armies are dispatched
to the western regions,
enemies are everywhere; the
autumn of decadence has
truly set in, and I feel the chill
harking back to other times
when things were different.

■ poem ■ ■ lament ■ Chang-an after it had been sacked first by An Lu-shan, and ■■■■ by ■■■■ Turfan tribesmen.

MILITARY GLORY

The lake he made and called
Kunming; where in the days
of the military glory of Han
the standards of Emperor Wu* dazzled
so many eyes; and now
of all this, just the stone
statue of the Weaving Girl
standing silently in the moonlight
and the scales on the stone whale
flapping emptily in the dull
autumn wind;

floating autumn seeds
ride over the wavelets; lotus
flowers shed their petals of
pink;
up to the gates of heaven the birds
soar easily
and the world is covered with the majesty
of lakes and rivers; how puny is
transient man.

NIGHT ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Days shorten and the frost
and snow make nights brighter;

*Emperor of the Han dynasty, a power-loving militarist, sought to add to the glory of his ■■■■ by various wonderful monuments such as the stone whale with movable scales and the statue of the Weaving Girl (who in the Chinese fable weaves the clouds) and by making ■■■■ great lake near his capital at Chang-an where he trained his troops.

at the fifth watch the alarm
begins to sound; over the gorges
are the stars alive and the Milky Way.

With the call to war, wailing starts
in all our villages; for men will go
and men will not return.

Our tribesmen enemy go on with their fishing,
collecting their firewood, singing.

Our heroes of the Three Kingdoms*
were masters of strategy; yet now
they have joined the yellow dust and are
of no use to the people.

So hopes remain unrealized
even the letters I have hoped for
do not arrive.

THOUGHTS BEFORE NEW YEAR

The year draws in, and around
the Tungting Lake snow drives,
freezing the nets in the hands
of the fishermen; so that they
leave their fishing to shoot
arrows made of mulberry branches
at the wild geese; last season
military demands forced up
the price of grain; now it has

*Three Kingdoms (220-264), famous epoch in Chinese history.

dropped, and the peasants suffer,
while haughty officials, who prance
on gallant steeds, have drunk and
have gorged to their fill; in the
homes of the poor, there is
no money to buy yarn for weaving;
people here can only afford to eat
fish; so, my men, you had better
let the geese fly south in peace;

for you also know that
boys and girls are being sold
by kind and loving families, because
taxes for them must be paid,
regardless of all; once when
coins were needed, the government
put a stop to counterfeiting; but
now lead and tin are added to bronze
in secret mints; it would be easier
to simply use clay for coinage
and not fool the people; bad and good
cannot be combined, and remain concealed;
on every city wall
all over the country
we hear the blaring
of army bugles; when
will such sad sounds cease?

Tu Fu wrote this poem possibly in 769 A.D. after having been through a lifetime of wars and preparation for wars. He connects the official-gentry, poverty of the people, and the drive for more.

SONG OF ~~THE~~ SILK WEAVERS AND HARVESTERS

Around all of our cities
there ~~are~~ soldiers, and
the clash of arms;

~~we~~ does ~~one~~ feel
how grand it would be
could we but forge
~~our~~ weapons into tools
for farmers to use;

so that every inch of land could
be ploughed with oxen; then, with ploughing done,
silkworms be gathered;

no need for soldiers to weep
such pools of tears
for dead heroes;
rather
from the men harvesting
from the ~~women~~ spinning
would there come back to us
songs of happiness.

THE WHITE HORSE

Out of the Northeast
galloped ~~a~~ white charger

with saddle empty, but
sticking into it, two arrows.

Pity the rider lost!
For who now can admire
his spirited prancing?

Last night he was the general
giving orders for battle;
just now he was killed;

war and its disorder bring death
through many doors,

cries of bitterness, and tears
like sleet in ■ winter's storm.

LOOKING AT CHI MEN

We march out
our hearts moved with emotion
■ we hear, back in our camp,
the sound of flute and drum.

In front of us is bitterness;
the wild snows are endless,
at dawn they colour red and the reflection
shines back on our banners.

There will be lonely nights in deserts
with the beacons on our watch-towers
throwing their beams in answer to the moon.

I remember at the city of Chi
how the clouds lie along the city walls
like waves along our home sea-coast;

and full of longing for home, I, but ■ simple lad,
wonder if all this is necessary; why
must we lay down the pen and pick up
the sword?

LI CHI

BALLAD OF ENLISTED MEN

A bright day in the Northwest, and we
on ■ Great Wall mound look up and down the wall
for beacon signals;

and under the gold light of the setting ■■■■
that glitters on the surface of the frontier river,
our men water their horses.

Sometimes here, in the dust storms,
when our drums beat
we ■■■■ also to hear the music
from the guitar of the princess
given in marriage to ■ tribal king
and playing in loneliness;

and in all the thousands of *li* no city
only soldiers' camps; then the days of autumn
when the rain begins to turn to ■■■■ and
wild geese nightly fly southward over us.

Making ■■■■ the tribesmen weep bitterly; ■■■■ hear
that the Yu Men Pass is still
besieged by the enemy
so must risk our lives; drive ■■■■ the ■■■■ chariots;

alas! every year ■■■■ bones are buried
outside the frontiers, while those of ■■■■
who return

bring back nothing but ■ few poor seeds
of the grapevine.*

AN OLD TALE

Subduing the frontier tribes
has taken my boyhood
in Yu and Yen.**

We gambled for victory
under the hoofs of their cavalry,
one lad's life of little account.

We cut back the enemy ■ that they dared not advance
wild-looking men we were with beards standing out
like bristles on ■ hedgehog;

and under the scudding clouds the yellow dust storms
blinded us: a hard, bleak life, yet
with ■ victory, no hope of return to our homes.

In our camp
■ girl from Liaotung, just
fifteen years old, skilled in song and dance
played for ■ "The March Across the Frontier"
■ ■ tribesmen's flute

so that the tears of ■ soldiers
fell gently, like rain.

*Seeds of the grapevine: Grapes ■ from Central Asia ■
brought back by soldiers returning to ■ capital.

**Yu and Yen ■ approximately the areas ■ which modern Peking
■ today—where on the borders ■ Jehol Province the tribesmen enemy
had to be met.

HAN YU

A SONG IN THE OLD STYLE

Why not make merry today
when there is no longer war?
Grumble not at all our troubles
life is still bearable.

The Reply

If you can escape the taxes
of your district; then I cannot
escape military service in mine;
when one district is flooded, you
can escape to another; but with
the world in flood, where can you go?

So get me good clothes
food and drink; think not
of the years to come; let
■ sit and make merry!

WOUNDED SOLDIERS

The many wounded soldiers who trail
over the road, without food, trying
to reach home; tearing their hair and
weeping disconsolately by old city walls,
begging, displaying their wounds for
passers-by to see; feeling, in the old war scars,
pain, as the autumn winds blow cold.

AN EVENING NEAR WUCHANG

A cloud opens and far off I see
across the Yangtse the city of Hanyang—
just one day's sail.

The river is smooth; it's easy to rest,
but I lie awake and hear the voices of the boatmen say:
the waves are rising, soon it will be rough.

And I think about all my days, trying to find security;
how I have grown old, hair changing
like the autumn leaves
by the Hunan rivers I have travelled so often;
and the moonlight makes me homesick,
tired of my wandering life;

with all that I have done and would have done
destroyed and lost in war; and now hearing
from the far-off shore of the river
drums still beating,
my heart fills with the sickness of despair.

WAR

That other year
when we fought the Yueh Chih,
outside the city our forces
were shattered.

No news came from or went to the frontier,
we who yet lived and those who had died
cut off from each other

with none
to take down tents and fold them
while
riderless horses came to ■ halt around
forlorn banners;

doubting that you may still be alive,
I desist from making you ■ funeral offering;
yet looking over at the horizon, I cannot help
shedding tears for you.

THE UNBORN CHILD

Autumn, and the Huns were slaughtering
along the borders;

and all along the banks of the Liao River
our ■■■ were wiped out; ■■ that

over great distances there were none
to collect the scattered bones of our dead ;

and around the city, families
tried to call in the spirits
of the fallen to their graves.

A woman depends on her husband or son,
to live together with them is a comfort
even though we are poor and humble ; but
my husband is on the battlefield, and my son
lies heavily in my womb, so I drag on
my miserable life, like a candle in the daytime.

THE EMPTY SADDLE

The hair of our heads had hardly
come together in marriage, when
you had to ride off into the distance
leaving me alone ; and now today
the troops ride home and I know
that you are dead, for another is on your horse,
sitting in your saddle.

ON NEWS OF A FRIEND RETURNING FROM
FRONTIER SERVICE

Before, it was thus—
three years at the frontier
and one at home on leave; but now
it seems that no leave comes at all,
and men fight on till they die
on some battlefield.

Often I have wondered about you, who were
not the kind of boy to make a soldier, to subdue
tribesmen; and then, these days,
the news of your returning
was hard to believe.

Now since we have heard of your coming
I'm always going to the top of the house
to look out for signs of you.

Your brother is cleaning out the stable
for your horse; your mother is mending
your clothes, wondering fearfully if
the news is really true, while I, all the time,
watch the road, going even outside
the city gate, carrying some wine
in case you should come in thirsty; for I know
that men and horses after all their work
must be gaunt and weary.

Ah, I wish I could somehow make the distance
shorter, and ■ suddenly find you
beside me; yet knowing that your tiredness
and that of your horse will slow your coming;
I ■ but hope you are not held too long
■ that ■ shall I be released from the bitterness
of uncertainty.



曉風細揚簸糠粒
 前傾瀉雨聲碎
 粒圓短簾箕帚婦收拾
 亦已粍直徒較升斗未
 敢忘凶年

Winnowing

by Chiao Ping-cheng



This comes from a series of drawings portraying different tasks in the countryside. Chiao Ping-cheng was ■ court artist during the reign of Kang Hsi (1622-1722). The drawings were made into woodprints by Chu Kuei in 1699. There are twenty-three prints in all.

A PEASANT PROTEST

In Hsinfeng County there lives
an old man of eighty-eight; hair
falling from his head and from his
eyebrows, white as snow;

leaning with his left arm
on his grandson, he passes by
the inn; then can one see
the right arm is useless, so asks
how did this happen, when and where—
and he will answer thus:

"I was born
in Hsinfeng County
when rule was good and we were at peace
when we listened to songs by the court musicians,
not even knowing the use
of weapons; then all at once came the Imperial
demand for soldiers; out of every three men
one must go.

Where were we to go? he asked,
and heard
that we were to march in the heat of summer
to Yunnan where
there are certain waters from which
when blossoms fall, arise malarial mists;

and when ■ great army crossed
the water was boiling, and of every ten
two or three would die in the crossing.

So all around our village there arose
sounds of crying as men were taken
from their families to fight the Yunnan
tribesmen; of the vast numbers who have gone
already, none have returned. Now I am old,
but then I ■■ twenty-four and my name
was on the list of ■■■■ to go; so in the night
and by myself in secret I took ■ great stone hammer
and shattered my arm; ■■ that
I could not use ■ bow nor bear ■ standard;
and so I was not sent to Yunnan but released;
painful, but the only way to get discharge
and remain at home;

though now for over sixty years
I have been disabled, yet ■■ I still
alive and well; only in bad weather
when there is wind and rain, the old wound
becomes too sore for ■■ to sleep;

yet this is better than crossing
the Yunnan waters, dying and lying
with bones scattered; becoming one
of those Yunnan ghosts that mournfully
look for home amongst the graves
of lost armies."

Listen carefully to this old man
for in his words there is something
to be learnt.

**You know that the prime minister
in the period of Kai Yuan, did not
encourage frontier aggression;**

**but then came the period
of Tien Pao, and Yang Kuo-chung who
sought for the Emperor's favour
by winning a military victory; but
what he got was no victory—
only the hatred of the people, and
witness here, the old man with
a broken arm.**

BROTHERS SEPARATED

**These are bitter days,
hands that can find no industry,
famine that stalks, chaos
that follows war.**

**So we brothers are now parted,
on all sides the desolate, wasted land
bears witness to the fury of war.**

**The people straggle along the roads,
I with my shadow for company, like a wild goose
lost from his flock and flying alone—
thinking of our family of brothers,
uprooted from our home
and like the thistledown of autumn
scattered to the winds.**

Tonight we will all be looking at the brightness
of the ■■■■ moon,* tonight ■■■■ tears will flow like
rain;
■ five, our hearts one in longing
for home.

GRASS

The grass grows tall and green
yet each year it withers and dies away
only to come again in the spring; even
burn it and still it cannot be destroyed, for
the spring wind will bring it in fresh again.

Its sweetness lies over
an ancient road where pomp
once strutted; its verdure
hides the ruin of the city
torn by war;
waving in the breeze
it bows out so definitely the princes
and the bygone generals; and luxuriantly
awaits the people, so certain to return.

*In Chinese literature moonlight ■ associated with thoughts ■
home.

LIU CHUNG-YUNG

A SOLDIER'S LAMENT

All my life, it seems, has been spent
fighting ■ the frontier
by the Chin River, at Yu Men Kuan

ever, ■ soldiers must,
with hands grasping whips
or sword hilts;

and each year

the snow melts ■ the gravemounds
of our comrades
who have died here; then each year in spring
we ■ them turn green again;

and for ever along the border regions
we ride; watch the Hwang Ho* flowing
endlessly around Hei Shan.**

*Hwang Ho, the Yellow River.

**Hei Shan, the Black Mountain.

LI HO*

SONG OF THE ARROW HEAD AT CHANGPING**

Black spots like coal, white ones like
bone ash; red like those of ■ red sand;
■ coppery pattern of ancient blood-stains
stands out; the weather of the years
has destroyed the golden shaft and the
white feather at its end; so there remains
only the three-edged arrow head, like
■ wolf's tooth.

Over the plain our two horses plod
east of the remount station, on
through the stony buckwheat fields against
an unceasing wind; the winter day
is short, and the stars come out; flecks
of cloud, like black flags, stream
through the wide night sky.

The spirits of the dead seem all
around us, ■■ we stop, make offerings of milk and soup;
the insects have become
silent, though wild geese are crying amongst the
gleaming red reeds; a wind springs up again
and blows the gloaming fire; ■ sign
to bid me farewell; and I reflect
■■ looking for relics over ■■ wide ■ space,

*Li ■■ ■■ of the brilliant young men of the Tang dynasty, who started writing poems at ■■ ■■ of seven and died twenty years later.

**Changping, ■■ in Hopei, where the famous general ■■ the first Emperor ■■ Chin, Pai Chi, buried alive 400,000 ■■ Chao.

finding only this arrow head; then thinking
how horribly it must have sped,
swiftly cutting and piercing
living flesh.

On his horse
comes ■ boy from the city
lightly advising me to buy ■ shaft
to make it ■ complete arrow again.

AT PING CHENG*

At the frontier city of Ping Cheng
each night there is moonlight, and
we shiver with cold and hunger; we
with our plain swords
at our sides and the wind from the ■■ blowing
through our hair.

We look along the Great Wall
running into the distant horizon,
our red flags at each redoubt;
and from the tents of our generals
■■■■ the sound of flutes; fog
and mist wet our standards; day
and night we stand at our posts
on the wall, looking down
at the same old sights below us,
the wind blowing the dried-up
weeds hither and thither; while

*From the walls of the city the soldiers ■■■■ looking out along
the Great Wall.

in the city, our thin
cavalry mounts neigh.

We ask the officer in charge of the Wall
how far we are from the pass ~~our~~ home;

■ we muse, "It is better to die ~~in~~
the battlefield, than of all this
bitter cold and hunger."

WAR

Our hills, ~~our~~ rivers, our fertile lands
are ~~our~~ but details ~~in~~ a soldier's map.

Our people are dispirited by war; and
can make ~~in~~ plan to revive
their crafts.

So no sense to listen to much talk
of promotions through military merit
on the official scale;

for already I have learned that ■ general's fame
stands on a pile of dry bones
of what were once the people.

HSU HUN

BY THE FRONTIER POST

Night fighting north of Sang Kan
■ bitter that half our soldiers
did not return.

With the morning came
messages from home, telling
of the sending of winter clothes.

The intense cold of the Northwest frontier regions in ■ winter
made the matter ■ padded clothing one of paramount importance.

TSUI TAO-YUNG

SPRING WITH THE WOMEN AT HOME

To test if I can work
I try to make paper cuts,
but the cold of spring is in the scissors,
so they ■■■ not easy to use; then
I get to wondering whereabouts, after all,
is Liaoyang, where he is fighting? And if
I ever get this padded coat made,
will it ever reach him?

LIU CHIA

FRONTIER ARMIES MARCH THROUGH

Past our city the cavalry rides;
the city dwellers ■■■ not worried,
sleeping securely on the upper floors
of their homes;

and the officials rush round to supply
all that is needed, fearing only
that our farmers' lands will not
produce enough to please.

The young gallants demand
fat meat and for their horses
new grain; and stuff themselves
with all they can eat, wishing they had
two stomachs, instead of one; and there is still
plenty left over;

when the troops went the grass was green
by the time they returned it had withered;

tired of their struggles to subdue the tribesmen
they came back bringing their prisoners; ■■ now
there are even ■■■■ of them.

■■■ Tang poet, writing ■■ the war to subdue the western Jung tribes of an earlier time, pictures ■ problem recurring throughout China's feudal history—the poor people bearing the brunt ■ war, the soldiers eating ■■ the land as they march through.

In later times I have seen Kuomintang soldiers beating farmers to make them dig up grain they had buried for safety and taking ■■ the animals on which they depended for ■ living; ■■■ land-lord class sleeping comfortably through it all in their city houses.

THE OLD SOLDIER LOOKS BACK

Land at home, but **no** way to get back
to plough it; sleeping here
in this frontier city, dreaming
of the pleasant smell of rice at harvest—

then back to the reality
of the evil smell of blood after battle.

Yet the Emperor of Han, in the depths
of his palace, still thinks to extend his domains!

On over half of the great plains
beacons flare; and in every home
the call comes to send **many** for war.

We know that the lands at the border **are** not fertile
and we wonder why we fight
to gain so much waste ground;

it is futile to lead good farmers to die
to be scattered under the tribesmen's swords.

ANONYMOUS

THE WIDOW

It ~~was~~ ■ morning to be remembered,
the cocks all crowing, the air so full of frost;
he, buckling on his sword, shouldering his pack,
the little officials, like fierce animals,
hounding the conscripts off; we could not
talk together then; and in the dust of the troops
departing, I stood desolate, thinking it were better
to be dead; then going inside and looking
at our baby crying ■ the bed and thinking
that in spite of all my misery, I must ~~love~~ him;
and sending all my clothing and ornaments
to an old neighbour to sell;

in farewell I told him to go his way
without worry; that I would sooner die
than take another man; he answering
that alive would he do his best, dead
would he close his eyes in peace;

now our lad is nineteen
has finished schooling and can seek work;
I have felt like ■ dew-drop on ■ branch
waiting the time to fall;
now it has come
and I must find you, for your hair will
be turning white.

Outside my room
dawn glimmers, the bugles blow,

black clouds race in front of ■ dull moon;
and my solitary lamp shines cold.

Then ■ sound like the stir of ■ insect and
in the doorway ■ ghostly shape stands; suddenly
the smell of blood fills the room, and there
in its hand it holds a skull, all covered
with dust and gore; and I tell it, if it is my husband
prove it, come in; and
■ gust of wind sways its clothing.
They ■ the clothes he wore
on parting; so it is he and I ask him
why he came so late. . . .

then by my bed, the light suddenly
goes out;* and straight from the rafters
I hung myself; wondering how he had
come those thousands of *li* from the desert—
hoping in the same way to go there and see
his white bones on the battlefield.

*In Chinese superstition, whenever a ghost appears the lamplight begins to fade, or goes out entirely.



V. THE SUNG DYNASTY

960-1279

This period, running from the middle of the tenth century to near the middle of the thirteenth century, ■■■ another period of splendour, marked at its close by aggressive war started by the predatory armies from the pastoral North and Northwest.

KUNYANG CITY

Through the coloured clouds over
 ■ wide, flat plain, one may ■■
 a solitary city, standing like ■ rock.

Winds blow sand through the scrub
 around it; towers have fallen and gates
 broken asunder; yet the old roads
 still are there. The farmers who now
 cultivate this plain know nothing;
 not even that here was fought
 the battle of Kunyang, where in the lust
 of ■ few moments came lasting death
 to ■ hundred thousand men.

Yet here it ■■■ that the chariots
 of the government in power, came swirling in
 like swift clouds over the sea, tearing
 through the undergrowth, setting loose tigers
 and leopards to add to the disorder; Wang Mang
 staked the whole empire ■■ this ■■■ battle
 expecting to make it decisive; yet did the tide
 begin to turn against him; with surrender being
 refused, his ■■■■ began to fear; then suddenly
 from the city, ■ thousand cavalry emerged
 and charged against the center; Wang Mang's generals
 laughed at first in derision, at the small numbers
 but soon they began to flee, casting away
 drums and weapons, and there they were
 hacked down; ■■■■ to tell ■■■■

from the other, except by **■ ■ ■ ■ ■** ornament
of jade or gold.

NIGHT VIGIL

Our boats ■ anchored by Hua Jung County
and over the lake spread the brightness
of ■ moonlit night; too cold to sleep
I stood pondering, listening to the sound
of reeds rustling around us; thinking
of all the disappointments of my life
which make even this beautiful scene
one of foreboding; and now in the third watch
watching fireflies over the gravemounds
looking up into the heavens at the Milky Way
hiding the great unknown behind it, and remembering
that here it was that Tsao Tsao, King of Wei,
was brought to bay, with now, only the quiet
majesty of hills and rivers as ■ memorial; ■
does one ponder over rise and decline
thinking that it is in vain for ■ poor scholar
like me, to feel so anxious for a better world;
yet what ■ we do about all the wars? No
clear solution ■ I find, though my hair has turned
■ grey.

VI. THE MONGOL (OR YUAN) DYNASTY

1280-1368

The Mongol dynasty was the period of the complete domination of China by the Mongols.

Kublai Khan became the first emperor of the Mongol dynasty, ruling from Peking to the Black Sea.

In England, Chaucer was writing poetry, and from Italy, Marco Polo came, and did many other foreigners during this period, to enter the service of Kublai Khan as an official.

The poets of the Mongol dynasty reflect the protest against suffering inflicted on the ordinary people by conscription for wars that serve no useful purpose and the depredations of corrupt military officials.

SUNG CHIU-CHIA

THE CONSCRIPT

Lazing away the day
under the shade of a willow tree,
wearing neither cap nor socks;
drinking wine in the morning
in one village, then again in the evening
at another; suddenly being seized
escorted to an office,
shoved on to ■ blind horse*
promptly marched off
to the very centre
of the battlefield.

*If a ■ owned ■ animal ■ conscripted along with him.

THE OLD WAR-HORSE

**Veteran of ■ hundred battles,
with strength now spent; and
great spirit reduced to quietude;
a hanging head and aging bones;**

**but thinking still
of those great marches;
of all those years patrolling
frontier roads, slowly, methodically,
through dust and wind,
past frontiers.**

**And now the story is ended,
the instrument broken;**

**and he whinnies as he remembers
the broken voices of gallant soldiers
who have sung from his back.**

AFTER THE WAR

**The armies have departed
the people return;**

**flowers come into blossom
when snows have melted.**

**All over the barren fields withered
grasses lie; but it is good
to see smoke rising once again
from peasant homes.**

**Hungry rats squeak in empty walls
hungry birds look for grain
in the desolate fields.**

**Then suddenly, from all sides, there is
the sound of voices in confusion;
county officials have come to collect
money for taxes.**

CHIEH HSI-SZE

THOUGHTS AT KAOYU*

The city wall of Kaoyu ■■■■ long
and from it one looks over the country
at the wide fields of grain, then down
at the mulberry trees around the city

in the olden days the land ■■■■ hard ■■■■ iron
but now it has changed to sown fields;
one hopes that for all the years to come
peace will remain within all our borders;

Then the mulberry trees would become
still thicker,
the wide fields of wheat
still more vast;

and from then on, we should not need
fortifications or moats
for protection.

*Kaoyu ■ a city ■■■■ the Grand Canal, in northern Kiangsu, just
■■■■ Yangchow, where ■■■■ Polo ■■■■ an official. It is the
centre ■ rich farm lands.

CHANG CHU

IN THE WAKE OF WAR

Some fifteen years ago there stood
on the east bank of the River Huai,
the lofty homes of Yangchow, known
for their loveliness, and now the sad
memories of music and song;

then came war and consuming flames
tore through the city, leaving utter
destruction;

now there is ■■■ news from relatives
or friends, to say who is dead, who
alive; when shall all these wars come
to ■■■ end? Would that I could return
to Yangchow, and let my tears flow
down to the Yangtse River.

LU TSE-YU

ANOTHER LETTER

Still in the army, with my hair
getting greyer;
carrying out routine, but thinking
of the pleasure I could have, fishing
in our rivers and lakes; and another
autumn coming, making me
count up all the years
lost, and remember that when I sent you
the last letter, it ■■■ autumn also.

Boundless the frozen sky, and a lonely cloud
crosses the distant horizon; the lone goose
flying south makes autumn more gloomy; friends
of my old village may miss me, though
their feelings cannot compare with my longing
for them.

VII. THE MING DYNASTY

1368-1644

The peasant boy who dreamed in the ■■■ on the back of his water buffalo became the first emperor of the Ming dynasty and drove out the Mongols, who had become effete through luxury.

The Ming dynasty lasted another three hundred years and ■■■ one of great prosperity and high culture until it, too, began to decline.

The great peasant revolution led by Li Tse-cheng from Yen-an ■■■ suppressed (after the Ming ■■■ peror had hung himself) by the militarist Wu San-kuei only by calling in the Manchu cavalry from the northeast.

THE OLD SPEAR-HEAD

At Chang-an, the farmers ploughing
brought to the light of day again
■ ancient spear-head, ■ it
writing too worn to be read.

A pity it was not ■ bright
■ those perfect specimens
that gleam like stars; but

I know not much about such things; this ■
with its cold colours, repels me—
gives me to think more deeply
■ the bitterness of war, that ever
continues.

In history there were those who slaughtered
the people of ■ state, and then in turn
were slaughtered by others;
dynasties rose and fell
only the sunsets ■ the Great Wall
have remained unchanged.

I put my hand over the spear-head and ask
why? why? through ■ these years
have they made the good metal into such
dreadful, hateful things, and not
into bells and cymbals,
into beautiful vessels ■ can use; why

**shape the metal
only to kill?**

**It is lucky that you have been dug up
in peace time, when old weapons
are melted down to make farming tools;
would then that such peace could be
maintained for ever, ■■ that
swords and spears would fall out of use.**

THE COMMAND

The soldier and his wife
spoke together;
with his last word he said:

“I do not know
how soon I shall be killed;
if you would console
me in Hades

bring him up well—
our son.”

AO YING

WHEN?

**On the banks of the river, the sound of
cold waters runs over
white sands.**

**The moon hides behind
the city wall; twilight
and the sound of a flute
make for melancholy.**

**Duties for the night begin;
standards lowered, tents struck,
insignia collected,**

**I wonder bleakly
when will these battles be stopped
and we return home?**

WANG SHIH-CHEN

THE DEAD

In all the world
is there anything to compare with this?
One day—and the slaughter of four
hundred thousand men. Why! should
their bones be piled on one heap
they would make a mountain ■ high
■ the snows of Tai Hang Shan;*
and the blood that ■ shed would be
enough to swell a great river of purple.

On the plains they lay thickly
crows eating their fill, until
gorged they slept drunkenly.
Even up to this day the place
■ haunted, say the farmers,
who still talk of this old tragedy
and show bits of ancient weapons
crusted with the green patina of time.

There are other places
where the spirits of the dead
have not yet dispersed—too many
such battle-grounds. Have you not
heard of Hsin An, where it is said
that in one night, the shades
of two hundred thousand move
unhappily? Yet from one dynasty to another
war still goes on.

*Tai Hang Shan ■ a mountain range in southeastern Shansi especially ■ in ■ anti-Japanese War of Resistance as an ■ Route Army stronghold.

KAO CHI

A WIDOW'S LAMENT

My husband ~~was~~ unhappy when
ordered to arms; knowing well
he would be sent far away
to fight; yet there was nothing
he could do but obey.

Then in the springtime
I had bad dreams about him
made into ghastly truth
by a letter from his commander
saying that truly he was dead
and that his clothes
were being kept.

If I knew the way to Wuwei*
in that distant northwest, I
would go and search for his bones
and bring them home.
But as I know not, I can but cut
■ paper guide to call back his soul,
performing the rites where we last saw
him off.

*Wuwei, called Liangchou ■■ periods, ■ a city in western Kansu—273 kilometres west of Lanchow.

THE BETTER WAY

Sunset over the plains of Wuyuan and I look
over the wildness, where the ruined redoubts stand,
thinking:

now because of this war there is
conscription in the rear; everywhere
■■■■ have been taken off the land and turned into
soldiers; last year ■■■ fought at Fei Hu
and this year we go to Yun Chung; yet

of all the land our armies have taken
how much is useful for ploughing?
What have we gained by all this killing?

From this high point ■ see, spread
far below me, the long, wild grass—

and with a sigh, I wonder
what is the meaning of it all?

THE LETTER AND CLOTHES

Although the army issue of clothing
has some warmth, these that I send you
will fit you better.

I send them ■ far,
all the way to the desert sands.

I fear that by the time you receive them
it will be already spring.

VIII. THE MANCHU (OR CHING) DYNASTY 1644-1911

The Manchus now took over all China ■ their ■ and ruled for another period of nearly three hundred years, becoming ■ or less absorbed ■ Chinese.

In the latter part of the dynasty the impact of the West on the coast of China began to take the place of raids from tribesmen's cavalry from the north, and especially from 1840 onwards foreign imperialist pressure became increasingly heavy.

Towards the end of the period there ■ the great peasant revolution known ■ the Taiping Uprising (Taiping means "peace") which the utterly corrupt Manchus were only able to suppress ■ of the assistance of the Western imperialist powers, at ■ cost of ■ sixty million Chinese lives.

8

8

8

SHEN TEH-CHIEN

ALONG THE FRONTIER

I

At night, the long cries of wild geese
and ducks bring mournful thoughts;
the never-ceasing wind blows the sand
into drifts; drinking our bowls
of buttered tea after sunset, we watch
the moon rise over Li Ling Tai.

II

Near the head of the stream they call Tse Leh
some of our garrison were at practice;
while in the Valley of Gazelles, flags
were already leading others into action;
a dust storm came in long clouds, so that
all was dark; then as the wind abated,
snow fell so deep that our soldiers
could no longer find their way back
to camp.

III

Soldiers marched over the vast distances
to Hami, in Sinkiang, to Kanchou in western Kansu,
hating to hear the calls of wild geese
heralding winter, or of the bugles

sounding warnings; ■ two hundred thousand ■
turned their heads towards their native land,
finding that the source of the Yellow River
lies far across the deserts.

IV

Fronting ■ are the great deserts and
vast mountain ranges; hardly places for
men, rather those where one burns
autumn grasses so that the tribesmen's horses
may not come to graze; ■ place where for us
life becomes so bitter that we weep blood;
singing sadly an ancient ballad together
under the moonlight, and thinking of home.

TAIWAN

Before us, ■ far as the eye could reach
lay the boundless ocean, with the water
seeming to touch the sky;

our soldiers were keen and spirited;
■ night ■
they lit torches dipped in oil, lightening
the darkness;
the waves turned red and the eyes of fishes
gleamed like little stars.

In the tropical heat
tiny villages, destitute and
full of malaria
cut our numbers

and only the ghosts of heroes
marched with ■ to the battle-ground;
while the undergrowth was found to be filled
with the hidden enemy.

And when would subjection
be completed? Let ■ reflect on
all the other southern expeditions
of our history.

IX. MODERN TIMES

Since 1912

The Republic of China, set up in 1912 under the leadership of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, was taken over by reactionary militarists who ruled the country in their own interests, giving way to foreign imperialism to maintain their hold.

Widespread distress followed, but during the same period Sun Yat-sen organized a government in the south which, strengthened by the Chinese Communist Party, overthrew in the Northern Expedition of 1926-7 the feudal militarists.

After the success of the Northern Expedition, Chiang Kai-shek, into whose hands the leadership of the Kuomintang eventually fell following the death of Sun Yat-sen, turned on all communist and progressive sections and after a period of massacre and repression set up his own government of big bankers and landlords who received the support of Western imperialism and were also willing collaborators of Japan.

The people, however, forced the government to resist further Japanese demands and insisted upon a united front with the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies (later the People's Liberation Army) and in spite of repeated betrayals of the united front by the Kuomintang the Japanese imperial army was finally defeated.

After the Japanese surrender, Chiang Kai-shek, against the desire for peace of the war-weary people of all China, launched an all-out attack on the liberated areas. Led by Chairman Mao Tse-tung, the people finally overthrew Chiang Kai-shek's reactionary rule. The People's Republic of China was formally inaugurated on October 1, 1949. The policy of the People's Government is resistance to aggression and co-operation with all peoples who are for peace and construction—thus putting into practical effect the desires and aspirations of the Chinese people throughout these three thousand years.

IN THE LIGHT OF REASON
Song of the Dove of Peace

Everywhere, no matter what country
there are doves like me; so may I
understand the language of any land;
■ would I in the four seasons of
the year, soar through the heavens,
over all the seas, fearing no vulture
no eagle, no American aeroplane;

and in these few days I have flown
into the Hotel in Peking, where in the
meeting hall, now become like some
boundless sea, the delegates from more than
twenty countries in the Asian and
Pacific regions, sit around ■ great oval table;

I come to rest in the middle of
■ great green rug, hung at the end
of the hall; under ■ flowers are set
each side of me, tall palms have
been brought to grace; in front of each
delegation are set tiny flags, that stand
like more flowers in bloom.

So peaceful ■ picture, like
■ harmonious poem; ■ one wants to have
increased armaments, nor to declare war;
all want peaceful co-existence, without
blockades and embargoes, free flow

for trade; ■■ one wants aggression ■■
slavery; all want life, not death;

I hear the solemn opening speech
from China's delegate; then the closing
one from the Soviet Union; the declaration
read by the delegate from Australia;
Pakistan reading the resolutions;

four days of solemn meeting, in harmony
in freedom; Japanese and Korean delegates
shoulder to shoulder; American and Soviet
delegates, arm in arm; in the light of reason
contradictions melted, and the common will
made for unanimous agreement;

■ good-bye to you, protectors of peace;
I am flying now to Berlin; and until
this autumn shall I say good-bye, and then
I shall come back, and we shall talk
intimately; then the weather will be fine
and all the crops will be ripe, let us
at that time gather in ■ great harvest
for peace, peace, peace.

PROTECT PEACE

I

In the morning when I awakened
I heard the sound of birds a-singing;
getting up, I pushed open the window
yet did not catch ■ glimpse of the singers;
only between the branches of a tree
seeing the dawn breaking, dew-drops between
the leaves glinting with the light of morning;
through the evergreen creepers on the wall
came a little breeze, gently moving the leaves;

and on the other side of the wall
lies ■ maternity hospital; listen!
on this clear morning, comes
the sound of faint but touching cries
of some new-born babe; another new life
has come into the world;

and quietly in the lane outside
road sweepers are cleaning the road
■ well; passing them, flocks of
school children, wearing every kind
of coloured clothing, hand in hand and
with laughing voices, go to this local
primary school; farmers come with two
handcarts, filled with the fruits
of their labours, carrying something

of the dew of the suburbs, into the
vegetable market!

factory whistles blow
sending out their happy summons;
from this side and then that,
come many such sounds, echoing each other and
among the high poplars, stand factory
chimneys; from them comes smoke
like long tails of horses racing;
numberless workmen, with voices
raised, and with swift strides, go
along the roads leading to the chimneys
and enter the factory gates;
on the power lines, insulators
gleam white; like so many flowers
threaded together;
hung in the blue of the heavens
throwing the reflections of the sun
down on the streets;

■ bunch of little girls
riding bicycles, facing
the sun,
with happy shouts, speed
over the ground;

on the main street, busy
people and vehicles
flow along like the waters of a river
sending out all the sounds
of ■ great city, blended together
like those of some great symphony
orchestra; songs of labour,
■ choir of production;

II

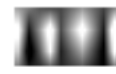
this is ■ city that has come back
to life; ■ city liberated from the
grasp of the enemy; one that has
been stamped over by the aggressors,
suffering ■■ much disgrace; this city
is like the body of ■ man, torn by
the claws of wild beasts, with wounds
that have just been healed;

this city
through the long night of tyranny
became paralyzed; now
it has begun to awaken, and be itself
through the efforts of the great
working class and its enthusiasm
for construction; now
has this city begun to lift its head;

daily, workers
dig deeply down into the earth
and descend to repair sewers,
clearing out the refuse of ages,
connecting all drainage;
daily, workers
with their welding sets, sit
through the night without rest
in the middle of flashing sparks
welding the tram tracks;
daily, workers
on the ruins of houses
demolished by war
start to build up homes again;

if you go to the suburbs of the city
to the wide fields or country places
nearby, or else to further localities
all over the liberated areas, in liberated
cities, villages, there you will see
all the strength of the people's hands
healing the wounds of war;

this the people's will for peace, with
all they have done, directed
towards this end;
our wars, over all the past hundred
years, all directed towards the victory
of peace; yet not the kind of peace
that comes from kneeling and begging,
not that which comes from weeping;
peace
not just some blessing showered from heaven,
peace
not just something that comes
out of its own free will like doves;
for ■ peace is something won
putting forth all the stubborn strength
of ■ great people; this peace
cost ■ much blood; for this peace
have we sacrificed tens of millions
of lives; ■ that our country has come
to understand the value of peace; for
those who have been through the long
and evil dreams of the dark night
know how to love
the beauty of ■ quiet morning;



but
one thinks of a great building
supported by shining columns; yet
with these columns inwardly eaten
by white ants; then looks towards
the war-makers of the world, stealthily
sharpening their weapons, waiting
for that moment when people are unprepared
then swooping down for murder;

in Washington
in London
leaders of the old gang
sit; like slave-traders
or opium-runners, discussing
all their secret plans; how
to evolve more dreadful weapons
that will murder more men, how
to occupy more military bases;
how to get their munitions taken
by reactionary groups in foreign
countries; how to suppress
the people, send out secret agents,
buy up the traitors of the people,
smash the construction of New
Democracies; using ■ their tools
gold dollars, slander, murder,
atoms, gas and germs; together
with those scamps Tito, Rajk, Trotskyites
who are their most useful weapons,
for all the shameful business
of starting new wars, to throw
all the people of the world into
the fiery pit, so that they, the gangsters,

may expand their colonial empire,
all the world becoming their slaves,
and ■ let more profit come
to the merchants of death; none
could be more brutal
and greedy than these, worse scoundrels
than Hitler even; that they should remain
alive, ■ disaster for all men;

IV

resist
these loafers and bandits,
oppose their intrigue for new wars,
oppose pacts against the people
in the Atlantic and in the Pacific;

all peace fighters must combine; all
oppressed peoples join together; so shall
all these people of the five continents
seeking the welfare of mankind
be united
round the Soviet Union and her allies
round the figure of the Great Stalin
and the everlastingly victorious people
of the USSR; with the people of China
who have stood up and those of
the New Democracies;
together
we will put forth all our strength
to halt war;

all the workers of the world, unite
to use together the strength of our
arms; to change the fate of humanity;

not allowing the enemy to push ■
into the abyss; soldiers of the imperialist
countries, American soldiers
British soldiers
French soldiers
this is the moment for you to awake;
the wounds ■■■ your body have only just
healed; do you still wish to die?
you have been
to the Philippine Islands,
you have been to Greece,
you have been to Iran,
you have been to China,
and also Japan; except for
gaining the hatred of millions of people
what exactly have you gained?
Nothing else!
Nothing at all!
While the medals on MacArthur's breast
were glittering
tens of thousands of you were wiped out;

and we—
we are numberless;
and we are all ■■ one body
the peoples of the whole world
who do not want war;

but should there be a day
when war does come, then there
will be no question of fear; we are
ready for any struggle needed; and we have
complete confidence in victory;

our hungry guns,
our ammunition so full of hatred

our angry though ■■■■ silent-lying
explosives; all of these
are waiting for the aggressor
who would dare to invade
our homeland.

SHIH FANG-YU

THE STRONGEST NOTE FOR PEACE

I

From Stockholm there came a sound
the strongest sound in all our world
like some storm rising from Baltic shores
driving through to the Gobi Desert
over the mines of Donbas, then to
the People's Liberation Army of China,
down through the plantations of Latin America
then back to the fishermen of Norway;

we are the common people; though
the Wall Street bosses have never
heard our names they are written down
in the peace petition;

and to them we point directly; for
we shall not allow them to use
shell cases filled with our fresh blood
to assuage their thirst;

nor shall we permit farmers
from the banks of the Mississippi
to be put against the collective farmers
of the Ukraine;

we are the common people but not
to be encroached upon because our name
happens to be "the people" we do not

encroach upon the rights of others; and
we are of all those in our world
the great majority; ■ that in all the world
our voice is the most powerful; we do not
have to beg for peace, we can command men
not to go to war;

II

and we can surely control
those bandits who wear
long-tailed coats and those
who carry the sign of the cross yet
are murderers; those
who gamble with the lives of the people
calculating profit and loss
in their blood;

in the Pentagon, in Washington, they
take the Pacific and divide it up
■ though it were ■ American lake,
turning the Philippine Islands and
Japan into bases for B-29's; thinking
that tomorrow they can light ■ fire
to ■ the whole world, gardens,
libraries, nurseries, everything; making
wives into widows; creating pitiful mothers
with tears in their beautiful eyes
weeping over children who have lost
their fathers;
we must control such people
halt the crimes they plan;

America

just this ~~un~~ country, we address and ask
where is your Jefferson, your Lincoln?

The world has read your writings—
your Declaration of Independence,
the stories of Mark Twain
and the poems of Whitman;
in the past, naively, one felt
that when one captain left the bridge
another must arise;

but
old America, when one
puts all the pictures
of pin-up girls together
with the "Leaves of Grass,"
and the American Constitution
alongside the speeches of ■ Truman,
I seem to hear your ancestors
weeping under the sod;

old America,
you stand so magnificently beside
the shores of the Atlantic, but
the flame from the torch held by
the Statue of Liberty is already
extinguished and over your green
plains appear the hoof prints
of devils;

with your hospitals, already
preparing germs for destruction
among mankind; your zoological
gardens, specializing in police dogs
to hunt men; your laboratories, used

to research ■■■ means for murder;
your papers that publish pictures
of night club dancers kissing ■■■
fooled into army service; with those
who escaped death on far-off Pacific
islands, in World War II, ■■■ with heads
lying on icy cold rocks in Korea,
dreaming sweetly of return to their
California;

old America,
you cannot ■■■ ■■■ doing things like this;
Robeson, the great singer, has sung protest
■■■ deeply; your own people are warning you;
in front of the counters in your banks
stand your housewives, with their undernourished
kids; just bits of paper inscribed in blood
and tears, with words of struggle;

from them cannot be raised new taxes
to pay for atom bombs, police dogs;
they will not always allow their sons
to die in the wilderness of ■■■■
foreign land; one has seen the dockers
climbing to the top of electric light
poles, raising high over the streets
of New York the banners of peace;
one can still hear the sound
of a woman's weeping ■■■ she heard of troops
being sent to Korea, beating her head
against the columns of White House,
demanding that Truman return to her
her only son;

old America, your volcano
will soon erupt; if a Truman or

■ Marshall dares to start ■ fire
miners will stride from their mines
bringing the explosive they ■■■■
for their work; the locomotive drivers
will drive their engines through
to Washington; soldiers will ■■■■ back
from the front lines; Negroes will rise
and tear the electric chairs to pieces;
women who tend their families will advance
from their kitchens;

should you today make
new wars, old America—
your own people, will advance
on to the White House and the Pentagon;
as in the First World War the workers
of Russia smashed open the gates
of the Winter Palace;

III

winds howl
great waves break
everywhere in the Pacific
lie dangerous coral reefs;

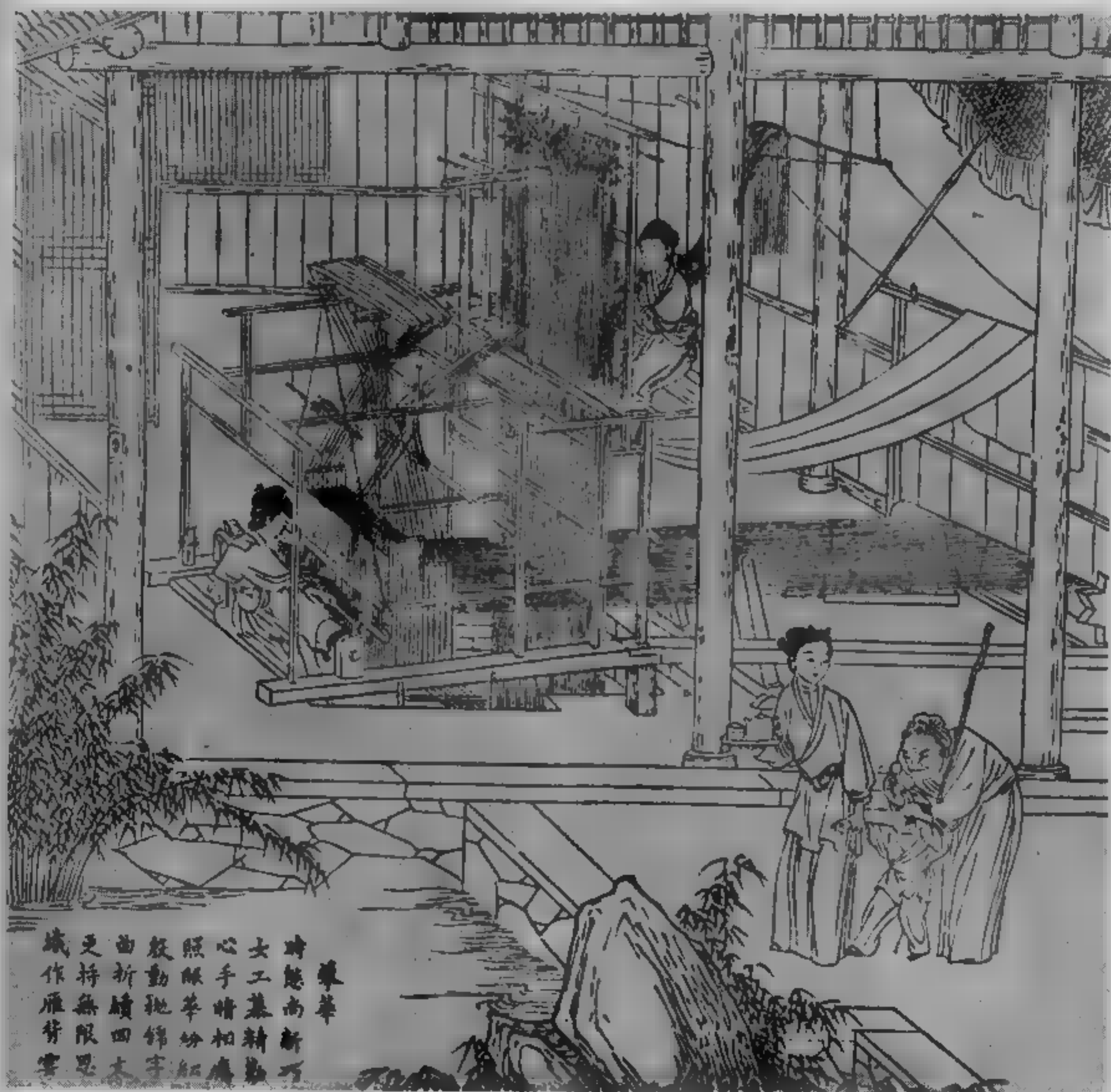
old America,
your ship must turn around;
the good ■■■■ of Louis Taruc
are already in the forests
of the Philippines, digging
■ grave for you; Ho Chi Minh
and Vo Nguyen Giap, shall bury your corpse
by those of the French aggressors;

Fujiyama will erupt
taking away the ~~moon~~ that lies
heavily on its peak, burning you
to death; ~~we~~ shall not let you go;
nowhere shall we let you go; should
you dare carry out aggression on
this China, four hundred and seventy
million people will rise, and take
your fox hide ~~as~~ prize of war;

the blaze set by Truman has been burning
amongst the grain fields of Korea; on
those mountains and in those valleys,
old blood had not yet dried before
new blood drenched them again; after
the B-29's had gone over, they left
babies lying on the mangled bodies
of their mothers, sucking the breasts
that gave but blood;

on the borders of the Han River
on the middle of steep mountain ranges
the people of Korea sweep forward
like a tidal wave; guerrillas
from the wild vegetation, springing
into being, looking at you, and firing;
peasants
carrying spades to beat out
your brains;

"people"—
in the army textbook of Truman
the word does not exist;
but here ~~are~~ the people, and
just yesterday they were signing
the peace petition; while today



Weaving

by Chiao Ping-cheng



Like WINNOWING, WEAVING is another piece taken from the series of drawings by Chiao Ping-cheng, a court artist of the 17th century.

they stand in front of the aggressors
levelling their automatic rifles; now
the people are giving Truman
two roads; one, to surrender to peace
or two, to stand in the courts
bending his head as a war criminal; this
the people solemnly proclaim
to the whole world; whoever cannot hear
this sound, will be burnt in the flames
that have been raised;

We will not permit war;
on the docks of San Francisco
seeing off husbands and sons
there is weeping everywhere;

We will not permit war;
still many children wake from dreams
thinking they hear the sound of Hitler
bombers;

We will not permit war;
the Marshall Plan that consumes peoples,
the organization of Joint Chiefs of Staff,
these must be thrown out; all American
soldiers, together with the flag of U.N.O.
stolen from Lake Success, must, too, be cleared
from Korea;
the Seventh Fleet of the U.S.A.
must be cleared from Taiwan;

we will not permit war;
the Korean government radio
has sent to all the peoples of the world
messages from the prisoners of war;

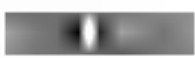
American soldiers in Japan, in
ever-increasing groups, are deserting;


we will not permit war;
preserving with all our might
our warm ties of friendship
our fun together
at Saturday night dances; the success of
our factories
our farms
our schools
our theatres;

we will not permit war;
the Tania classes in our schools
must go on through all their grades;
and Liu Hu-lan stay with us still
and be a model worker; our People's
Liberation Army taking part
in production;

we will not permit war;
the people have chosen tractors and sheaves of wheat;
not atom bombs and Colorado beetles;

we will not permit war;
let Truman and Churchill tremble
in front of the great sound of peace;
their wild persecution cannot hide the fact
that in reality they are so weak;
in front of the Ku Klux Klan, and police
in front of tear gas and armoured cars
peace fighters
raise higher your banners
and save peace;

you who in New York
had your eye so injured;
when you were in the hospital
the people learnt your 
because you worked to protect
peace;

you girl students of Damascus,
taken to police headquarters
holding in your hands the peace
petition; now because of this,
will this petition be passed 
to the many;

mothers of Vienna, standing in front
of the American Embassy, and then
hurried off to jail; your example
was taken by the mothers of Paris;
the same action, the same slogans;

peace leaders of Ankara, when you
were investigated by military tribunal,
in the cities and villages of Turkey
peace organizations came up, like
flowers in the spring. Peace fighters,
come to the struggle
still more brave
using the name of peace
fighting against war;

IV

the people's eyes
turn to the USSR
like those in a drought

looking at the rainbow in the sky;
the Soviet banners
firing the will of all men for struggle,
the sound of the great bell of the Kremlin
encouraging, giving confidence to all peoples
thirsting for peace; let
the war-mongers remember the lessons
of history; over this bit of ancient ground
the armies of ancient Sweden swept like
■ tide;
but the failure of Charles XII was like
the ebbing tide; a tide that left
instead of ■ shells, a myriad bones
from the rotting corpses
of enemy soldiers;

Napoleon stood on the top of the Alps
amongst the clouds; but on the snow-
swept plains of Russia his great armies
were defeated and lost;

hai!
these old bits of history
Hitler forgot;
but Hitler's defeat should surely
be still fresh in memory today;
Soviet heroes stand in the front
ranks of peace fighters; yet whoever
dares to try and ■■■■ from the East,
the forests of Siberia will be
their graveyard; whoever from the West
shall be drowned in the Baltic sea;

the Soviet land
is soaked with the fresh blood
of aggression and with the blood

of her youthful heroes; the interventionists
of twenty-four countries once rained down
their munitions on the newly-formed
Republic; in the same way
fascist bandits poured destruction
over the USSR; yet today, as high ■ the Urals
are stacked
not weapons but
great stores of grain;

let Truman and Churchill remember
that from the day of Tsaritsyn
to the day of Stalingrad the Soviet people
have defeated all aggressors;
and should some other wild beast
dare attack us
he too will be firmly, completely
crushed;

let those who would make war think over
these lessons; let them learn
from Stalingrad, that city of
flesh and blood, of steel and iron,
of heroes,
of dauntless inhabitants;

the heroes of Stalingrad have already
doffed uniforms, returned to their homes;
Major Shapilov has not really died at all
he has gone back to his school to be ■
teacher of history, taking his wife Anya;
when the moon ■ over the tops of the trees
these two walk under the bright lights
of street lamps to see the ballet they call
"Swan Lake"; and the Volga River runs along
noiselessly; let this Volga be the witness

of all that has passed; the Stakhanov heroes
who took up their rifles and rallied to
the defence of Stalingrad, the Youth Vanguard
members who stood without fear in front of
the machine guns of German fascists, singing
the International; a people who when peace
turned to the construction of their own cities;
all peoples in the world have heard this sound
coming from the soil of the Soviet land—
the sound of motors in the factories,
of tractors on the farms,
of work for the new life of everyone;

let peace come to the workers,
to the Volga River
and to all those places
it passes;
let peace come to Kubishev
and the hydro-electric works of Stalingrad;
let peace give warmth and light
to the city and to the village bringing
to the people all good things;

V

ah!

Once again this day, I was so excited
reading the news release from Moscow
wanting to march up the street, shouting
to the whole city in the night, to awaken
people tired with the work of their day
having them understand the news from
the Dneiper River hydro-electric job
the Ukraine Crimean canal, and irrigation
projects; that they will be happy

■ ■■ I, it is sure; for the people here
have already consigned their bitterness
to history; have brought sweat and
creativity to the fore; for our
four hundred and seventy million people
are also following the road of labour
constructing their young Republic's
future.

Let the enemy stand in front
of ■■ and tremble; our friends stand
with ■■ clapping and shouting with
happiness; over our land all manner
of overwhelming things are happening;
last year, it was the founding of our
People's Republic, announcing
the bankruptcy of war in the Far East; now
the peace-loving peoples of the world
welcome their brothers who stand on
one quarter of its surface, with flowers
and words of cheer;

our country is
like the rays of the ■■■ that rises in the east
rays that penetrate so far; I love my country,
for she has suffered ■■ much
she is ■■ beautiful
her future is ■■ great
the sun shines ■■ warmly
and we have come through the chill
of ■■ dark a night;
■■ ■■■ our people happy in having
surmounted so many troubles;

in my old village, droughts
followed floods; the people

ate bark of trees and roots,
and after that ate white clay;
having eaten the white clay
ate the dead bodies of famine sufferers;
eighteen or nineteen-year-old girls
sold
their virginity for the price of one catty
of potato; old people died
with no coffins to bury them;
youth ran away from the villages,
from the cities to the coast, given
curse words instead of names; jammed
into fourth-class on ships flying
British and American flags, bound
for the South Seas and San Francisco;
flesh and blood used up on rubber plantation
and in gold mine, everywhere
dying quietly, unknown.

Over the surface of our harbours and rivers
lay Japanese warships ■ many as yellow
fish; while through the days the booted feet
of their infantry stamped over our streets,
and through the nights there came the rattle
of prisoners' chains; when my young sister
wept at night, my mother hit the end of the bed
telling her that the Japanese had come,
frightening her so much she could scarcely
open her mouth; each day I feared to walk
to school past the Japanese consulate, dreading
the wild kids who would chase us
from there, jabbing us in the stomach
with penknives; then when at last Japanese
warships left, there ■■■■ back in their place
the Americans;

just on that night
when we heard of the final surrender
of Japan, there came drunken American
sailors using whiskey bottles, braining
two rickshaw pullers; and from then on
American armoured cars sped regardless
down all our streets;

in this terrible era
when I had looked for light to come back
to the hills and valleys of our motherland
all I could see were ~~many~~ and more
American warships floating in the river;
American planes darkened the sky over
Peking and there in the snow one night
Kuomintang police extorted money from a girl
just raped by an American soldier;

then at the pass of Chu Yung Kuan by the Great Wall
swung the heads of two people; on the banks
of the vast Yangtse many patriots
were stuffed into bags and tossed into
the waters; and in my native village
the kids of ten years ago who had dared
to throw stones at the Japanese boys
had grown up and become guerrillas in the
hills;

ah!

My country!

Your rivers and streams ~~are~~ filled with the blood
of your people;
your green hills cover the bones of the soldiers
who have fought for you;

the soil that has been soaked with
the blood of your sons and daughters,
has already into flower with
scarlet blooms; your long night has
already passed, and your today is
and mild; I wish I could live
■ hundred years, watching my motherland
grow greater year by year; but I also
die in the struggle for her this afternoon
should this morning there be **■** enemy attack;

our peoples have always
loved the hammer and sickle;
whoever forces them to take up arms,
will find them to be **■** brave **■** tigers;
we want peace
not that we are weak,
but rather because we are tough;
yesterday's slaves have turned over;
whoever dares strike one blow
against our motherland, courts death;
in front of her
any enemy must accept defeat,
all wild attempts at aggression
will be halted;

my country
■ am **■** proud to carry your
to be of **■** invincible
■ people; wondering now in sorrow
why did my parents leave you
in their youth, giving birth to
in **■** foreign land; yet grateful
to them that they bore me for the
of Mao Tse-tung, **■** that I could advance
with all our people, making country-side

more beautiful to hand ~~on~~ to
following generations;

ah my country!

Your children ~~are~~ like young eagles
watching your borders from the sea-shores
~~that~~ that the newly cultivated farms
may grow in peace; and industry come
to new life;

now ~~we~~ would regret the breaking of even
~~one~~ bit of glass belonging to the public;
is it likely that ~~we~~ would permit
robbers to reduce our villages and cities
to ashes?

Our Chao Kuei-lan
working with hazardous materials
let her hand be shattered to save
a people's factory; our peasants
after Land Reform are celebrating
their bumper crops; our People's
Liberation Army take up pens and shovels
~~as~~ well ~~as~~ rifles; our railways
stretch from the Soviet border at Manchuli
down to the south coast at Canton; our new bridge
will span the Yangtse River from Hankow
to Wuchang;

brothers and sisters, redouble our efforts!
the R.P.M. of each machine
the grain from each ear of wheat
springing up to life again;
the running of each express train
the sailing of each ship,
each work-worn hand

each drop of sweat from a toiler's head—
all these are contributions
to peace;

for myself I ~~am~~ only
write articles for papers;
I'll bring notice to the fact
that thirteen years of inflation has
been halted; the industrial output
of the Northeast has increased
sixfold; that all over the country
there are record harvests; that
the children of workers and peasants
go to school; write headlines
on the work of people, people's creativeness,
filling up my paper with this,
letting it circulate through the world
making the enemy tremble
and friends rejoice;
these things I do, for adding
all such news together, their sum total
spells just one thing—
peace;
and though I have never been able
to sing, now would I for ever chant
the strongest of all notes, that
of peace.

FOR PEACE

I

No matter if you are
man or woman, ■■■
old man or ■ kid,
a worker, ■ farmer,
■ soldier, ■ student
or ■ trader;

nor does it matter
what are your political beliefs
or your religious ones;

if you ■■■ asked, what is the first essential
for mankind? You must answer

firstly,
secondly,
lastly,
PEACE!

That is, unless you are tied up with
■■■■■ reactionary gang, or unless
you ■■■ ■ lunatic.

Yes,

you

I

he

all of us; every decent understanding person
must want peace; all love peace, loving it
■ much ■ they love their ~~own~~ eyes;

so to decide
whether or not peace
is ■ good or ■ bad thing
we don't need ■ meeting

or an investigation
or popular vote
or ■ debate with each side
getting red in the face;
everyone

will agree
that all people must support
the cause of peace.

II

Our children
like sweet things to eat
and our elders at New Year like
to stick up great red mottoes
such as: "Peace through the Four Seasons,"

peasants
in the country, have their saying
"Gentle Winds, Plenty of Rain,"
or "A Good Harvest for our Grain,"

old scholars
would write for theirs:
"Peace is a Precious Thing,"

traders
like grand ones, with the words
"Peace breeds Prosperity,"

the old-time gentry—
"A Gentleman ■■■■ his Voice
The Small Man, his Hands."

■■■■ the old-fashioned mothers
and grandmothers, going through
all their ceremony, burning incense
praying to Buddha; they surely ■■■■
what they say in their incantations

"Bring relief to the miserable,
to all under heaven, Peace!"

Everyone knows
everyone has experienced
that war is bitter,
peace is sweet; this
is the simplest knowledge;
there is ■ good old proverb that says,

"No good mouth ■■■■ people,
no good hand beats men."

If ■■■■ fights
■■■■ must swing swords,
point rifles; if
you are not wounded
you are killed;

yet what child is there
whose parents will not change
his napkins, see to his wetting,

bring him up through
all difficulties, who would not
want him to live peacefully, grow up
well and strong?

III

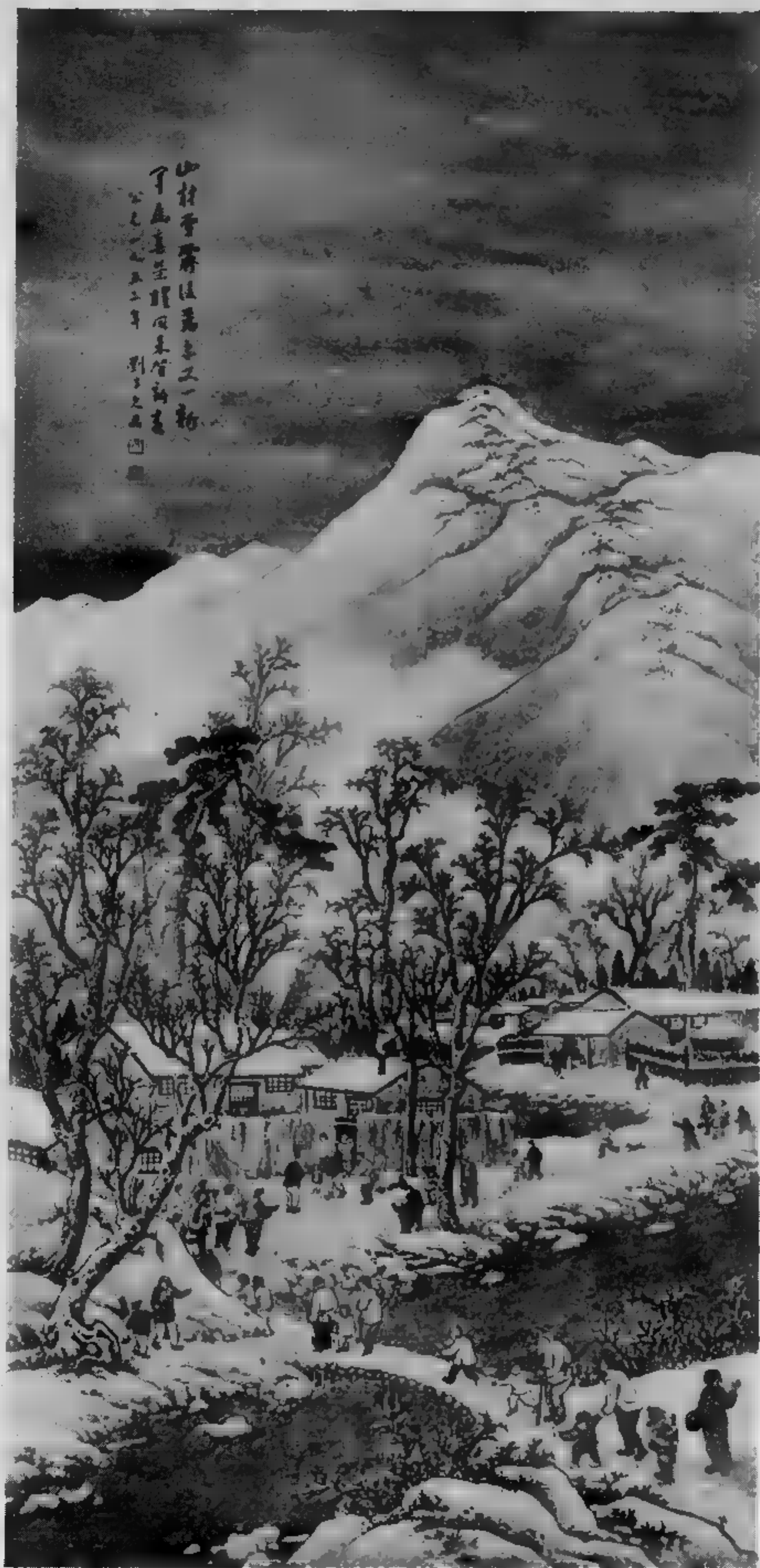
Sure
we want peace.
For peace, our pitiful ancestors
prayed to Buddha, besought
Kuan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy;
beat their heads on stones
voicing this the greatest of desires,
burning so many sticks of incense
reading so many sutras; yet still
troubles beset them, still
they could not move
those

old Lords of Heaven,
or God; never did

happy relief come
from the bitterness around them;
all they got was still

famines,
contagious disease,
disasters of war
and ever poverty.

If
you say they were stupid
and had no real knowledge,



Calling on Army Dependents During the
New Year Festival

by Liu Tze-chiu



This is the work of a contemporary artist who uses the traditional technique to express a new content and new theme.

I agree;

all this ~~was~~ the fault of rulers
the tyrants of the old days who governed
with swords, guns and whips; "Peace"—who
dared then to ~~utter~~ the word?

For peace

~~our~~ beloved ancestors longed
from one generation to another
through all their trouble-filled days;
not knowing why they ~~were~~ born, or
why they died, being
obedient slaves, they created
obedient slave children:
living all were slaves; dead
all went down the steps to Hades;
how many of them
in all the old wars ~~were~~ killed
and passed into oblivion; how
many people were cut off before
they had lived through their years;

in famines,
in plagues,
in great disasters of war;
great chains ever pressing
on their necks.

For peace

~~our~~ respected ancestors longed
they found it not sweet

to be used as cattle
or horses; not sweet
to be killed; ~~it~~

they have already
risen many times
to resist, to struggle
in peasant revolts
that spread like wildfire:
all over China they caught alight
so that the old feudalists
used all the strength of their soldiers
and all their cunning arguments
to hold their position; yet
those who did not want to be slaves
those who would raise the rest up,
their blood ran freely; those who fell
replaced by those who came on from behind.

And why
did they do all this?
Because

they would live like men,
living, holding
peace.

IV

And now
let ■ look at ■ little of the blood
that has dripped down
through history.

As we turn the pages
the word "war"
comes often, too often to count.

Every page
of history is well dyed
with the fresh blood of the people.
Five thousand years make
fifty centuries—a long
dark night!
our people have had their bones
ground under the heel
of feudalism; with all
those rotten emperors, nobles, landlords
riding on the neck of the people
riding them like horses.

War?
Every year there was war;
peace?
Where could it be found?

V

1840—
an unforgettable year
coming in with opium,
pirates, imperialism—
ta madi!*

one
two
three
four

England, France, Japan, America;

they kicked open
the door of China

*Common cuss-word.

letting in their military adventurers
striking their roots in ~~our~~ land
planting ~~■~~ under their great bottoms,
treating ~~■~~ ~~■~~ slaves; making themselves
into the masters; this
shall we never forget;

1857 the Franco-British Army entered Peking;
1884 the Sino-French War;
1894 the Sino-Japanese War;
1900 the combined army of eight nations entered
Peking.

Like ~~■~~ revolving lamp
with pictures painted upon it
each picture returning
with the defeated always China;
praying for mercy, humbly
bowing; the victors always
demanding indemnities from us;
imperialisms following each other
each more fierce
than the last;

but of them all
America the most treacherous
the most cunning with great talk
of equal rights for all, the "open
door" policy; wearing ~~■~~ deceitful smile,
always profiting—
but in which of the aggressive ~~■■■■~~
did she not take part? And were not her
underhand dealings ~~■■■■~~ mean, more cruel
than the rest of the gang?

So country
in **■** pitiful state;

for from that time and for
■ hundred years thence, she
could not lift her head; there
 a hundred years of a China
turned into **■**■ adventurers' paradise
become a field of plunder for robbers,
making endless shameful agreements,
treaties; which became like paper seals
pasted over our entrance door, with
the robbers guarding the door itself;
opening their great jaws,
sucking up our blood
using knives to hack off our flesh.

Why,
those people

when they chewed **■** thing up,
everything was eaten; they didn't even
spit up the bones; and those hateful
confused,
incapable emperors;
and all those treacherous slave ministers
all those under the booted heel
of the robbers, bent low;

they threw away the property of our ancestors
trying to buy cheap security with submission
■ submission that simply brought more wars.
With the people, suffering more than ever,
having their lives consumed in war.

Then came the revolution of 1911 and war again;
the dragon flag

changed to the five-coloured one,
then the five-coloured one gave way
to that of the blue sky and the white sun.

When the people had just cut off
their pigtails; and from the dark night
had just begun to see a little light; then
they slipped back into civil war; with
imperialisms sending in munitions, frightened
that the Chinese people themselves
would stand up; imperialisms planning
their own policy secretly, making it so
that all the war-lords were at each other's
throats continually; fighting here,
fighting there; fighting so that
the whole country stank of war; everywhere
the sound of war; and China became
■ football ground

with the skulls of men as footballs
through all those dreadful years;
with the people, above all, wishing
for peace, yet getting
incessant
continual
disasters of famine
of misery
and of war.

VII

Chiang Kai-shek
the greatest traitor of our country
the greatest loafer, who ■■■■ by
betraying the revolution,
again started the cycle of civil war
to hold back ■ people's revolution.

Chiang in direct line
of succession to Yuan Shih-kai*
attempting to become emperor;
Chiang who caused
ten more years of civil war,
killing how many millions?
Chiang whose fist smashed peace—
the 18th of September, 1931**

and Chiang
sold out the Northeast
affecting ■■■■ thirty million people,
placing them under the iron heel
of the Japanese bandits; for fifteen years
making them the oxen, the horses
for Japan.

Now the sound of guns at Lukouchiao***
with Japanese imperialism as ■ hungry wolf
carrying on the policy of Meiji,**** thinking—

*Yuan Shih-kai, feudal militarist who on ■■■■ collapse ■■■■ Manchu dynasty got himself made president ■ the newly established Republic in ■■■■ and tried without success to become emperor.

**September 18, 1931, ■■■■ Japanese imperialists seized Northeast China and set up the puppet state of Manchukuo.

***Lukouchiao, the "Marco Polo Bridge" ■■■■ Peking where ■■■■ July 7, 1937 the Chinese army ■■■■ and pushed back the Japanese ■■■■ the War of Resistance ■■■■

****Meiji, the reign of ■■■■ Japanese ■■■■ that name who

■ is the time to take all of China, in
■ great gulp;

then Chiang Kai-shek
Wang Ching-wei*

■ pair of trousers
with two legs

one ■ traitor
the other ■ robber who sells his country,
one who went over to the enemy
the other who would not fight, but retreated
in front of the enemy.

And still the suffering people of China
toiled on through all kinds of hardships,
deprivations, misery

How many of us have been lost?
Our dear sons and daughters;
how many lovely and fragrant children,
how much of our property, our fertile lands,
our gardens, reduced to dust?

How many widows and orphans
through all the country wandered
homeless? Who can give ■ reckoning
of all this bloodshed, this endless
hatred? How shall we balance
accounts?

*Wang Ching-wei, the Kuomintang leader who went ■ to
the Japanese ■ and ■ head of their puppet government in
Nanking.

This we know

our enemies are the imperialists—
Chiang's gang, robbers—and even if these
run to the four corners of the earth
they will not escape our punishment.

VIII

1945—

the Japanese robbers have submitted
and all welcome peace—the peace
all have awaited so eagerly;
the Chinese people all want to breathe
fresh air, to peacefully recuperate;

but Chiang Kai-shek
that rotten egg, had
another plan, a plan
against the wishes
of our people; so again

started civil war wishing to swallow up all
the fruits of victory and throw
the people aside;

and steadily encroached
American imperialism, full
of secret plans and false talks
for settlement, behind the scenes;
always
supporting Chiang Kai-shek
backing him in civil war
thinking to use him to annihilate
the Communist Party; then could America

stand on China and prepare
■ third world war.

IX

But the eyes of the Chinese people
now were crystal clear; fully did
they understand these secret plans;
the Chinese Communist Party
led the people to rise and protect
the peace of liberated areas
throwing out all dark measures
for repression; so that after three years
of the war of liberation, this old China
turned over its great body
and changed to meet the new day.
Ha! Ha!
a beautiful, clear day,
and for the evidence that it was good
there was the happiness and joy of the people
to see.

The Liberation Army
of the Chinese people, was like
■ great broom, cleansing; throwing
reactionaries, imperialists,
all sorts of corrupt people
out of China.

See!
The red flag of China with its five-pointed stars
how beautiful, how fiery!

New China
like the sun at dawn coming out

of the black night; ■■■ like
a huge giant, full of spirit
full of youthful energy, suddenly
become ■ great force in Asia.

The thousand years of anger
got rid of; the recent
years of bitterness, spat out;
■ century of rape and oppression
rubbed off the slate.

Now
called by their proper name
the people
become the masters of the Chinese People's Republic.

Not thanking heaven
nor thanking the earth
but thanking
our liberating star
Chairman Mao Tse-tung.
Beat our drums,
clash our cymbals,
thank our elder brother—
the Soviet Union!

We put all our strength
into our changing; the yellow earth
has turned to gold; a river
frozen for ■ thousand years
has started to flow; what fish
can swim against the current?

Ancient trees
come out in flower;
the workers themselves
become masters.

And for happiness?
It beckons to ■■■
days of peace
are in front of our eyes.

There are those who say
we should make the new China
into ■ beautiful garden;
no!

We shall make China
like ■ great heaven in front
of the people; not a place
up in the sky, but one
right in the hands of our workers;
and if you do not believe
look!

The Soviet Union is our model,

the Communist Party is our mother, with great
ability, and
strength
bringing to us

those things we have never had,
food that is sweet,
peace.

And wherever she goes
there is brightness;
moreover she can lead
the people; take our
five thousand year old culture
and forge it into ■ free,
democratic
united
independent country.

It is ■ though ■ have suddenly
discovered our country, the land
of our ancestors; ■ so lovable
■ beautiful!

X

But
dogs, don't you forget,
eat offal;
cats, don't you forget,
try to grab fish;
Chiang Kai-shek, don't you forget,
is still not dead.

He, with his gang of scamps,
still thinks he can land again
on the continent; return to be
king again; the imperialist
makers of war, in spite of their defeats
still have not had a big enough lesson
from the powerful fists of the Chinese people.

We want peace,
they want war;
they think to ■ war to extend
their useless dogs' lives;
we go through days of peace
while they die of jealousy
they would throw sand in our cooking-pot;
we want to construct
they want to destroy; thinking
that if they ■ keep us backward
they ■ make money out of us.

The American robbers
■ have just thrown out
still hang to the Korean coast
helping that dog, Syngman Rhee,
starting ■ disastrous civil war
in order to protect the puppet gentry;
openly they have sent their army
to fight ■■ aggressive war; then again
have they stood on our Taiwan; so
does the enemy try to do the impossible
pulling up out of the past the policy
of the Tanaka Memorial, turning
history upside down
still thinking to do
what Imperial Japan could not do,
still thinking
enough panic can be raised
to precipitate ■ third world war;
reaching out two great hairy hands
from Washington, bloody hands
one to grasp Asia,
one to hold Europe—
afterwards to use these hands together.

Okay,
one plus one makes three;
clever guys;
they dream, the big bosses of Wall Street
they dream
that all the gold of the world
can make ■ mountain, and then
that mountain will become
their property; all the people
of the world will become
their slaves; with their president

■ leader of slaves;
what ■ nerve!

XI

A pity those fellows
have ■■■ ambition than ability;
their ■■■ ■■■ too short,
like Wu Ta Lang's,*
reaching for the bar to grasp
those above and below,
he could not make it;
failing in both directions
falling down in the mud of Korea;

China and Korea,
for all these years
beside each other in their troubles.

Of course when ■■■ has a fire
the other has to take notice,
of course when robbers enter
■■■ cannot stand with ■■■ hands
in our sleeves.

Today
Korea and China
■■■ fighting one enemy,
just ■■ ■■■ the lovers of peace all over the world.

We have ■■■ slogan
rising with ■■■ sound

*Wu Ta Lang. Chinese legendary figure who could not reach ■■■
■■■ could not reach down when he got into difficulty.

everywhere,
listen to it,

**"WE ARE AGAINST AGGRESSIVE WAR
PROTECT THE PEACE OF THE WORLD"**

XII

Yes,
the Chinese people,
the Korean people,
with all the peoples of the world,
love peace;

but do not think
that because we love peace
we will put up with anything;
no!

On the contrary; for today
is not 1840, nor is it 1900; China
is no longer "the sick man of Asia"; today
our working people ■■■■ supreme masters of the land
never shall we return to the time
when we bowed our heads to the imperialists;
let Chiang Kai-shek run to his adopted father
and bow! As for us
never again shall we ask anything from imperialism.

Let American generals teach their ■■■■
how to surrender; we, as free men,
have thrown off our fetters; we will not
be cowed again.

We know
that war is cruel and ruthless,

that ~~war~~ takes away ~~our~~ strength;
peace
we recognize ~~as~~ our first great need;
yet we,
though we ~~are~~ warmly love peace, we ~~never~~ have been
frightened of war, and moreover
will never be: for ~~we~~ know
that he who would smash our aspirations for peace
he is the enemy
he is the war criminal; so
there is ~~no~~ question that we
shall ~~use~~ ~~force~~ to protect
the peace of mankind, and if need be
fight that last fight

for
the lasting generations to come

for
the everlasting peace of the world.



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